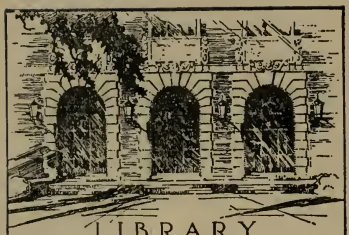

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A WHIM,

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "HEIDELBERG," "THE STEP-MOTHER," "SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON," &c., &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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A WHIM,

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CHAPTER I.

A SOLITARY room at midnight: a single wax candle lighted on the table: the stiff dull crimson silken curtains of the bed close drawn: half a dozen phials and two or three glasses. Is it the chamber of a sick man? He must sleep sound if it be, for there is no noise—not even a breath; and all without is as still as death. There is awe in the silence; the candle sheds gloom, not light, the damask hanging sucks up the rays, and gives nothing back: they sink into the dark wood furniture: one could hear a mouse creep over the thick carpet; but there is no sound! Is it the

chamber of the dead? But where is the watcher?—Away! and what matters it here? No one will come to disturb the rest of that couch: no brawling voices, no creaking doors will make vibrate the dull cold ear of death. Watch ye the living! The dead need no watching: the sealed eyes and the clayed ears have sleep that cannot be broken.

But is it the watcher who comes back again through that slowly opening door? No, that is a man; and we give all the more sad and solemn tasks of life to women. A young man, too, with the broad, free brow gathered into a sad, stern frown. He comes near the bed; he draws slowly back the curtain, and, with the faint ray of the single candle streaming in, gazes down upon the sight beneath. There it lies, the clay—animate, breathing, thoughtful, full of feelings, considerations, passions, pangs, not six-and-thirty hours before. But now so silent, so calm, so powerfully grave: it seems to seize in its very inertness upon the busy thoughts of others, and chain them down to its own deadly tranquillity.

It is the corpse of a man passed the prime,

not yet in the decline, of life. The hair is grey, not white ; the skin somewhat wrinkled, but not shrivelled. The features are fine, but stern ; and there is a deep furrow of a frown between the eyebrows, which even the pacifying hand of death has not been able to obliterate. He must have been a hard man, methinks. Yet how the living gazes on the dead! How earnestly—how tenderly! His eyes, too, fill with tears. There must have been some kindly act done, some tie of gratitude or affection between those two. It is very often that those who are stern, but just, win regard more long-enduring, deeper-seated, more intense, than the blandishing, light-minded man of sweet and hollow courtesies.

The tear overtops the eyelid, and falls upon the dark shooting-jacket; and then, bending down his head, he presses his lips upon the marble brow. A drop (of the heart's dew) will be found there in the morning; for there is no warmth in that cold forehead to dry it up.

The curtains are closed again ; the room is once more vacant of breath. The image of

human life upon the table, that decreasing taper, gutters down with droppings like those of a petrifying spring. A spark of fire, like some angry passion of the heart, floats in the melted wax above, nourishing its flaming self by wasting that it dwells in. Then comes back the watcher, with bleared and vacant eyes, and lips that smell of brandy. She has sense enough yet to stop the prodigal consumer of her only companion of the night; and sitting down, she falls asleep in the presence of death, as if she were quite familiar with the grave, and had wandered amongst the multitudes that lie beneath.

CHAPTER II.

It was the autumn of the year, when men who do such things, shoot pheasants, and go hunting. The leaves had fallen from the trees, and were blown about in heaps by the chill wind; or if any hung upon the sapless branches, it was but as the tatters of a shroud on the dry bones of some violated tomb; the grass in the fields was brown, and beaten down by wind and storm; the streams were flooded with yellow torrents from the hills, and waved about in wild confusion the thick, fleshy stems of the water weeds; and the face of earth, cold and spiritless like that of a corpse, glared up to the sunless sky, without one promise of the glorious resurrection of the spring. It was night, too, dull, grey night.

The raven's wing brooded over the whole world; clouds were upon the firmament; no moonbeam warmed with sweet prophecy the edge of the vapour; but, dim and monotonous, the black veil quenched the starry eyes of heaven, and the shrill wind that whistled through the creeking tree-tops, stirred not even the edges of that dun pall so as to afford one glimpse of things beneath.

There was a dark clay-like smell in the air, too, a smell of decay; for the vegetable world was rotting down into the earth, and the death of the year's life made itself felt to every sense. All was dark, and foul, and chilly as a tomb.

With a quick, strong step, firm, well-planted, unwavering, a man walked along with a stick over his shoulder, and a bundle on the hook of the stick. There was nothing gay or lightsome in his gait. It betokened strength, resolution, self-dependence, but not cheerfulness. He whistled not as he went: the wind whistled enough for the whole world. He neither looked up nor down, but straight forward on his way; and though the blast beat upon his breast and over his cheek,

though the thin, sleety rain dashed in his face, and poked its icy fingers in his eyes, on he went sturdily. He never seemed to feel it. He was either young and hardy, or had bitter things in his heart which armoured him against the sharp tooth of the weather—perhaps both. He seemed to know his way well too, for he paused not to consider or look round; but on —on, for many an hour he walked, till at length a stream stopped him, hissing along under its sedgy banks, and in some places overtopping them with the swollen waters.

There he halted for an instant, but not longer; and then with a laugh, short and not gay, he walked straight on, following the path. The turbid torrent came to his knee, rose to the hip, reached his elbows. "Deep enough!" said the night wanderer, but on he went. The stream wrestled with, and shook him, tugged at his feet, strove to whirl him round in its eddies, splashed up against his chest, and, like a hungry serpent, seemed to lick the prey it was fierce to swallow up. He let go the stick and the bundle, and swam. It was his only chance to reach the other bank alive; but he uttered no cry, he called for no help:

perhaps he knew that it would be in vain. He could not conquer without loss, though he gave the torrent buffet for buffet, but, like a determined bandfighting against a superior force, he smote still, though turned from his direct course, and still made progress onward, till catching the root of an old tree, he held firm, regained his breath and his footing, and leaped upon the bank.

"Who are you? and what do you want here?" asked a voice the moment after, as he paused by the tree, and drew a deep breath.

The wayfarer looked round, and saw, by what light there was, a man of apparently his own height and strength, standing by an alder near. "I must first know where I am," he said in return, "before I can tell you what I want."

"Come, come, that will not do," replied the other; "you must have some sharp object, to swim across such a night as this, and must know well enough where you were coming, and what you were coming for. Who are you? I say—and if you do not tell, I will make you."

"That were difficult," answered the other; "but I will tell you what I am, and why I swam the stream, if that will do. I am a man not of a nature nor in a mood to be turned back. The river lay in my way, and therefore I came over it; but I have lost my bundle, which is a pity; and I am wetter than is pleasant."

"As for your bundle," said the other, "that will stick upon Winslow wear; and as for your being wet, I could help you to dry clothes if I knew who you were."

"Not knowing will not prevent you," rejoined the other. "Winslow wear!—Now I know where I am. I was not aware I had walked so far by seven good miles. Then I must be in Winslow park."

"Not far wrong," said the other man; "but you seem to be a somewhat strange lad, and wilful withal. As you have lost your bundle, however, and got your clothes wet, you had better come with me; for after all, I dare say you mean no harm, and I may as well help you to a dry jacket."

"I mean no harm to any one," was the reply; "and I think I must stop somewhere

near, for my clothes will not dry so soon to-night as they would in the summer sunshine."

"Certainly not," answered the other, "there is more chance of saturation than evaporation."

The swimmer of the stream turned suddenly and looked at him, in some surprise: then fell into a fit of thought: and in the end, without noticing his companion's fine words observed, "I am not getting any dryer by standing here: and you are getting wetter; for the rain is coming on more fiercely. If you have any will to give me shelter and dry clothes, now is the time. If not, I must go and seek them elsewhere."

"Suppose I say you shan't," inquired the other, "what would you do then?"

"Walk away," was the answer.

"And if I stopped you?" said the other.

"Pitch you into the river, and see if you can swim it as well as I did," rejoined the wayfarer.

"The chances would be against you, my friend," rejoined his new companion: "we are about the same height and size, I think;

and not very different in make. Suppose us equal then in strength. You have, however, taken a walk to-night long enough to make you lose seven miles of your count; you have swam that river in flood, and have lost somewhat of your strength at every mile of the way, and every yard of the water. Your strength and mine then, being at first equal quantities, you must inquire, whether *a* can be equal to *b*, minus *c* the walk, and *d* the stream?"

"Yes," answered the other, "for there is one thing you do not take into account."

"What is that?" asked the arithmetician.

"Despair!" said his new-found friend; "for I tell you fairly, that if you make me try to pitch you into the river, I do not care a straw whether I go in with you or not."

"That is a different affair," replied his companion drily; "despair is an unknown quantity, and I have not time to arrive at it; so come along."

The other did not make any answer, but walked on with him, following a path which in ordinary times communicated with that which he had pursued on the other side of the stream, by a little wooden bridge, which

had been apparently washed away in the flood. Both the men mused; and probably there was a good deal of similarity in the questions which they were separately trying in their own minds. When man first meets man, to each is presented a problem which he is bound to solve as speedily as possible. Every man is a sphinx to his neighbour, and propounds an enigma, which the other must answer, or woe be to him. The riddle is, "What is within this casket of flesh before my eyes?" and none can tell how important may be the solution. We may be parted soon, whether the impression made by the one upon the other be like the ripple of the wind upon the sea, or profound as the channel which the torrent has worn in the rock; for—

> "——many meet, who never yet have met,
> To part too soon, but never to forget."

But on the contrary, under the most adverse circumstances, without a probability, against all likelihood, the companion led in by the hand of chance, is often linked with us by fate through life—bound by the iron chain of circumstances to the same column in the prison of destiny as ourselves, destined to

work at the same day-labour, and accomplish, with our help, the same task. None but the dull, then, ever see another human being for five minutes, without asking, "What is the god of the temple? what are his powers?"

There was not a word uttered by either, as they walked along. Yet each knew that the other was not an ordinary man; but the person whom the wayfarer had found upon the bank was much more curious in his inquiries; for the other, though a quick and active-minded creature, had many other thoughts in his bosom, stronger, more continuous than those which the character of his companion had suggested, and which the latter might cross and recross, like the thread upon the shuttle, but did not interrupt.

Now for the first time on his long way—he had walked thirty miles that night—he sometimes looked around him. The faint grey of dawn aided his eyes; but the objects were not cheerful. The scenery indeed was fine. There were hill and dale; and river and lawn; wood and heath; fern, hawthorn, birch, oak, beech, and solemn yew, with the broad, sturdy chestnut, and the tall, ghostlike

larch. There were jays amongst the trees, just stirring and screaming in the first light; and herds of deer, with the thick-necked bucks lifting their heads to snuff the morn. Nevertheless, there was a something which spoke neglect—a keeper's house untenanted, with broken windows—long rasping arms of bramble stretching across the paths, some trees cut down and rotting where they lay, a Greek temple in ruins, with marble columns, which in their own fair clime would have remained pure as the snows of Olympus, green with the dark mould of English humidity. Ducks were dabbling among their favourite weed, where swans had swam in the clear water; and an infinite number of rich exotic evergreens, untrimmed and forgotten, were mingling their low branches with the long, rank grass. There was no mistaking it. The place had been long neglected.

They passed quite across the park to a spot where the solid brick wall had been carried out of the straight line, to enclose about half-an-acre of ground beyond the exact limits. An open fence of wood-work separated that half-acre from the actual park.

The brick wall run round without, forming three sides of a parallelogram. The space within was neatly cultivated as a garden; and there were, besides the long, straight rows of cabbages amongst the well-trained trees, several beds of autumn flowers, still in bloom. They were as stiff as all late flowers are; but still they were flowers, and it was autumn; and they gave signs of care in the midst of neglect, of vigour amidst decay, of life in death.

There was a little wicket-gate in the centre of the wooden fence, with a latch, which the wayfarer's companion raised, and led the way down a gravel walk, to a house amongst the apple-trees at the other side, resting against the wall of the park—a small house of two stories—built of brown brick, and covered with white and yellow lichens. Another moment and they were within the door, which was not locked. The room they entered had a brick floor, clean swept and reddened. Everything was in good order, and a wood fire, which was already lighted, had fallen into that state where glowing eyes look out from the white ashes, like those of

a lion from a bush. The walls had two rows of shelves hanging against them, and a great old dark oak armory or press, carved with apostles and wild beasts. Balaam and his ass, were there too; and the old prophet and the lion. The shelves supported, the one, crockery, the other, old books with greasy backs. Standing in front of the books, on the same shelf, were two or three small cups of precious old china, and an ink-glass. Amongst the crockery, were a bullet mould, a powder-horn, and half-a-dozen floats. There was a neat white curtain over the window, and every one of the tiny panes was as clear as a diamond.

The wayfarer looked around him with a faint smile, and then turned to his host; and the two gazed upon each other in silence for a minute. If there had been a struggle between them on the bank of the stream, it would have been a very doubtful one; for never were two men better matched. As they stood there, they looked like two well-chosen carriage-horses, of an equal height within a quarter of an inch, both broad in chest, strong in limb, thin in flank, both

tanned with exercise and exposure, both of that hardy rich brown complexion, where the hair seems to curl from very vigour, and both in the prime of strength and activity, though in point of years lay the principal difference between them. The master of the house might, perhaps, be three or four years older than his guest; but as the latter was at least four or five and twenty, age gave the other no advantage.

The wayfarer was dressed in a dark velveteen shooting-jacket, leathern gaiters, and strong but well-made shoes; and under the coat was a waistcoat, with long rows of little pockets, for holding gun charges. He had what is called a foraging cap on his head, and a good deal of whisker and hair. His nose was straight, his eyes hazel, his teeth fine, and his chin rounded and somewhat prominent. The other was dressed in a fustian coat, with large pockets, thick hob-nailed shoes, and leathern gaiters, with a straw hat upon his head, and corduroy breeches on his thighs. His features were good, and, like his guest, he had a straight nose and a rounded chin, with eyebrows ex-

actly like the other's; but the eyes, instead of being hazel, were of a dark grey, and his beard and whiskers were closely shaved, and hair cut short. There were several points of difference between them, but more of similarity; and the similarity depended upon feature, form, and complexion, the difference more upon adventitious circumstances.

"You are my double," said the master of the house, after they had gazed at each other for some time, both feeling that there was a strong resemblance; "and as such you have as good a right to wear my clothes as myself. They are not as good as yours; but they are dry, which makes them better for the time."

He opened the old armory, which was full of guns and fishing rods, and from one of two drawers at the bottom took out a very little used suit of country-made clothes.

"There," he said, "put those on; and we will afterwards go and see if we can find your bundle at the wear. Here, come into the back room, and I will give you a clean shirt and stockings. I never let cotton and wool lie together; for they might quarrel, being near akin."

The other followed, and after having fulfilled his promise as to the shirt and the stockings, the master of the house left him, and returned to blow the fire into a blaze.

CHAPTER III.

Man wonders why it happens so often that in our first manhood disappointments, bitter as undeserved, fall upon us — why we are crossed in honorable love—thwarted in noble ambition—frustrated in generous endeavour —distracted in a just course—denied our reasonable expectations. Some reply, It is a part of the original curse, and that we must go on struggling and grumbling. Others—better and wiser men, and far more religious —find out that it is to wean us from earthly affections which, when the world is in its spring loveliness, are apt to take too great a hold upon us. Both may be right; yet there may be something of training in it too. We have things to accomplish in our man-

hood, a course to be run, a contest to fight out; and at that time of youth we are colts which must be bitted and bridled, put at the longe, have the rollers between our jaws; and many a sore mouth and galled withers must be endured before we are fit for the hard rider, Fate, to get upon our back, and gallop us to the end of our career. Does not that filly sporting in the field think it very hard that she may not go on cantering up and down, with her head held high, and her nostrils snorting fire, or that she may not go on cropping buttercups and sweet grass—all very reasonable desires for a filly—but must come and be driven round and round a ring, with a long whip at her hocks, and a drunken horse-breaker in the middle, holding her from her joyous freedom by a long cord? Truly, she may well think it a hard case; but she was not made for her own service—nor was man.

There is something of the same feeling in the breast of that young wayfarer as he sits there by the fire, after having changed his clothes. That knitted brow and curling lip show that he thinks he has been hardly used by fortune; and yet there is a thoughtful

look about his eyes which may indicate a search for, and a discovery of, the ends and objects of disappointment. The power of thought is a wonderful thing. See how it steals over him, smoothing the wrinkle out of the brow, relaxing the bitter turn of the lip. He is forming plans—or building castles—re-awakening hope—recovering faith and trust. Something is working in his mind for peace!

"You have made me very comfortable," he said, abruptly, while the other lifted a small tin kettle from the fire, where it had been hissing and spluttering for a minute or two; "and I am now ready to go out and seek my bundle at the wear. My wet things can dry here till I come back."

"We will have a cup of tea first," said his entertainer, "the girl will bring the milk in a minute; and, though I can do without most luxuries, I cannot do without tea. It is the only thing that goes into the mouth which may be considered a luxury of the mind. It is wonderful how it clears a man's head, and gives him a command over his intellect. If I want to solve a problem, or translate a stiff passage, I must have my cup of tea.

The Chinese must be a wise people to grow such a herb."

The wayfarer smiled. "You are a strange sort of person," he said; "and, I suppose, are of a better rank and station than your appearance betokens."

"I am the son of the blacksmith's daughter," replied the man, simply; "I can shoe a horse or forge a bar with any man in the country. That I learned from my grandfather. I can shoot a buck or bring down a snipe nineteen times out of twenty. That I learned from the head keeper. I know as much of gardening and botany as the old gardener did, who is now himself a compost, poor man; and I know somewhat more of mathematics, and Latin, and Greek, than the master of the grammar-school, who taught me; but yet I am nothing but the son of the blacksmith's daughter; and I wish to be nothing more."

"But what is your profession or trade?" asked his guest, with apparent interest.

"Profession, I have none," was the man's answer, pouring some water into the tea-pot. "They wished to make a parson of me, I be-

lieve; but my wishes did not go with theirs. I liked hammering iron, or shooting deer, or planting flowers and trees a great deal better. I was neither fond of preaching nor being preached to; and, therefore, I studied when I liked, wandered where I liked, read, shot, planted, worked at the forge when I liked. I do believe, from all that I have seen in the world, there has never been a man on earth who did as much what he liked as I have done—except Adam, who had only one thing forbidden him, and did that too. Now, however, I suppose the change is to come—for a change always comes sooner or later in every man's fate. One might as well expect to see four and twenty hours of sunshine as a life without a change—and I suppose I must buckle to some business; for, though I eat little, and drink little, and sleep little, yet that little must be had."

"But why should you not go on as you have hitherto done?" inquired the other. "Has anything happened to deprive you of your means?"

"Yes;" answered his companion, "I had fifty-two pounds allowed me a year, just a

pound a week, and this little house and garden; and leave to shoot rabbits, ducks, and wild fowl of all kinds, except pheasants, one buck in the year, to keep my hand in, and the right to roam about the park at all times and seasons without question. I made my own terms, and got them. But he who allowed all this is dead, and the people tell me it will not be binding upon his heir. Well, what matters it? I can work; and as soon as I heard how things were, I determined I would first try a gardener's life, as Mr. Tracy, over at Northferry, wants one. I never let myself be cast down by anything; and when you talked about despair, an hour ago, I thought, What a fool you must be."

"I believe you are right," answered his guest, "your philosophy is far the best; but somehow I think you will not be obliged to take the gardener's place unless you like it. But there is some one knocking in the next room. I thought you were alone in the house. Are you married?"

"Poo!" cried the other, "what should I do with a wife? Thank God, there is no female thing about the place but my setter

bitch. That is the girl with the milk, knocking at the door in the park wall." And he walked out into the passage to receive what she had brought.

While he was gone the other sat quite still by the fire, with his eyes fixed steadily upon it. He saw not a spark, however. His contemplations were very deep; and as the other came back again, with the milk in his hand, he murmured, "If they would take him, why not another?"

"Well, you were saying just now," continued his companion, carrying on the conversation, "that you thought I should not be obliged to take the gardener's place. I should like to hear what you can know about it."

"Tell me your name," said the visitor, "and I will let you hear."

"You would not tell me yours, when I asked it," said the other, with a smile. "But it does not matter. My name is William Lockwood. Now, what do you say to that?"

"That you have no occasion to take the gardener's place," replied his guest. "Sir Harry Winslow is dead, as you say; but yesterday morning, in order to see what di-

rections he had given for his funeral, the will was opened, and read before the whole family, servants, and secretary, and all. I was there, and heard it, and he did you full justice, left you the annuity and all you have mentioned, and added a legacy of five hundred pounds."

"And he left you nothing," said the other, fixing his eyes keenly upon him, "though you thought you had a right to expect it."

"He left me dependent upon another," replied the young man, "which I will not be;" and he bent down his head and thought bitterly.

"That was hard! That was very hard!" said the other; "he was at times a hard man. —It often happens so. Those who have in their youth been what is called gay men, turn out in their old age as hard as the nether millstone. Whatever is in a man's heart remains there for ever, unless that heart be changed by the grace of God. Selfishness, which leads to one kind of vices in youth, leads to another kind in old age. The libertine turns the miser, that is all."

"But he was not a miser," cried the other,

sharply, "that must not be said of him; and should not by you, at least, his son."

"Hush!" said the master of the house, sternly, "I do not own him for my father; and I told him so. For the wrong he did my mother, and because of some letters of his which she held, and I hold, he did what he has done for her son. But do not you suppose, young man, that I ever basely truckled to him who injured her. As a child I took the education that was given me; but when I was older and knew more, I steadily refused to acknowledge him for my father, or to obey his behests in any way. It is this that has made me what I am. I would not go to a college as his bastard, and become a priest at his will. I received the small atonement that he offered, as atonement, but as giving no right over me; and I added other things, as demands, to that which he vouchsafed, in order to show that it was a contract I entered into, not a duty I acknowledged. Perhaps he was not a miser, as you say; but yet look at this place, and see what it has become within the last ten years. He has grudged every penny spent upon it since he last lived here

himself, and unless it is that my mother's spirit, either visibly or invisibly, wandered round the place, and made it hateful to him for the wrong he had done her, what but the miser could make him discharge servants who had long dwelt here, and deny the means of keeping up in decent state a place that gave him name, and had descended to him from many ancestors? Now, what has he done with you yourself, according to your own admission. You stand in the same relation to him that I do—all the world knows it—your mother was his wife's maid—he educated you, made you his secretary, employed your talents, made you the companion of his amusements, took you out to shoot and hunt, to plays and operas, put you nearly on a level with his lawful sons, and then left you a dependant—I suppose, upon their bounty. You have done well to cast such pitiful slavery from you. I acknowledge you as a brother, which, perhaps, they will not; and the five hundred pounds he has left to me is yours if you will take it."

"The young man grasped his hand warmly, but said, "No, no—that can never be. I

have hands and arms strong enough to labour for myself, and I will do so. I cannot take what is yours. I have no title to it —I have no claim to it."

"I want it not," replied Lockwood. "I need nought but what I have. I would rather not take ought but what I bargained for."

"At all events I cannot accept it," was the young man's answer; "he left it not to me, but to you, and I will have none of it. Much that you have told me I had never heard before; I was not aware of his having had a son by Lady Winslow's maid, nor that his secretary was that son."

"Men ever know less of their own history than the world knows," said his companion; "but the thing is notorious. No one ever doubted who you were; so let us children without marriage, share what he has left to such, and let the lawful children take the rest amongst them."

"I cannot do that," said the young man; and leaning his head upon his hand, he added, after a few moments' thought, "We will talk of other things, my good brother—since such you are—I must meditate over all this; and

when I have done so, I will ask your help perhaps to carry out my future plans of life. I can work as well as you, and am willing to do so, though it has fallen upon me, who did not expect it, instead of upon you, who did."

"My help you shall have as far as it will go," rejoined Lockwood, "but that is not very far. It is true people like me well enough here, because I never wronged any one of a penny, and give the old women rabbits to make broth when they are puling; and they like me, too, because I am one of themselves, and never pretend to be ought else, though my father was a rich man, and I am richer than most of them; but, poor things, the only matter I have to be proud of is, that I am a plebeian. Not that I am ashamed of my dear mother; for if a man will take advantage of a woman's weakness, under solemn pledge to marry her, and then break that pledge, let the shame rise on him, not her."

"Assuredly!" replied his companion, with a ready warmth which would have fully confirmed in the mind of Lockwood, had any confirmation been necessary, the supposition

of his guest's illegitimate birth; but the moment after a deepened tint appeared in his cheek, and he said abruptly, "But let us talk of other things, Lockwood. What is the state of the people about here? I hope they have not been as much neglected as the place."

"Why, you should know all about it, Mr. Faber," said Lockwood, "for you used to write all the letters to the steward, he told me. However, they are not altogether so badly off as they might be. The farmer has his land at a fair rent enough, and so he can afford to give fair wages to his labourers. The old man was not hard in that. He took what was but just, for that which was his own, and the men have prospered under it; but he did nothing else for the neighbourhood. Some of the landlords round are different, get as much as they can wring from their tenants —force them to starve their labourers; and then spend a part of the money in parish schools and new churches. I have known many a one who has made every one under him labour like galley-slaves for mere existence, by reason of his exactions, cried up as a most liberal gentleman, because he white-

washed the cottages, and built a school-house. The whitewash and the school-house together did not cost one-tenth of what he took too much for his land; and yet, to hear all the gentry speak of him, you would have thought he was an angel of a landlord. Men are queer things, Mr. Faber."

"Do not call me Mr. Faber, Lockwood," said the other with a smile; "call me simply Chandos; that is better between brothers."

"Ah, that is your Christian name, then," said his stout kinsman; "'C. Faber,' I remember the letter I saw was signed; but I thought the name had been Charles. Take another cup of tea, Chandos: it is wrung from no man's hard earnings, and will do you good."

"After all," said Chandos, resuming the conversation at a previous point, "the man who does not exact too much is by far less culpable, though he do not do all the good to his people that he can, than he who, with a covetous grasp, wrings the last shilling from his property, and spends sixpence of it in instructing the peasantry, whitewashing their houses, or pampering his own vanity. The one is only guilty of doing less than he

might, the other of taking more than he ought."

"I am not very sure," answered his companion, musing; "I have thought over these matters a good deal, and I am not fond of splitting hairs about right and wrong. If a man does not do what he ought, he does what he ought not. 'Sins of omission,' as the parson calls them, are, to my mind, sins of commission, as soon as ever a man knows what he ought to do, and does not do it. I have a notion, Chandos, all these fine differences are only ways by which people cheat themselves to avoid self-reproach; and, I believe, what foolish people call the higher classes, are taught to do so more than any others by reading the classics; for a more wicked sort of worthless scoundrels than those old Greeks and Romans never was. The very best of them contrived to mix up so much bad with their best doings, that young lads at school learn not to know right from wrong, and to think things exceedingly fine that were very dirty."

"But there were some truly good and great men amongst them," replied Chandos,

whiled away for a moment from himself by his companion's conversation: "they might be too stern and severe, perhaps, in their adherence to right; but still excess of virtue is not likely to lead others wrong who make it their example."

"I'll give you the advantage of the best of them," said Lockwood, "and be bound to pick a hole in any of their coats. We all know about Socrates, a nasty old he-goat, and won't talk of him. But take Lycurgus for an example, I mean, the Spartan. Now what he did to his countrymen would have been nothing better than swindling, if it had been about money instead of laws. He took an oath from them to do certain things till he came back from Delphi; and that certainly implied that it was his intention to come back. But instead of that, he went away from Delphi to Crete, for the express purpose of cheating the Spartans; had his old bones cast into the sea, that they might not play him as good a trick as he had played them; and left his laws to Sparta, and his name to immortality. But if I were to say to any man, 'Lend me five pounds till I come back from London,' and

instead of going back, were to run away to Paris, just to avoid my creditor, what would be said of me? Now because the laws of Lycurgus were good, people think that his imposition was glorious; and thus they learn that Jesuitical maxim of the end justifying the means."

"I agree with you so far," said Chandos, gravely, "that there was a great deal of false philosophy, if I may use the term, amongst the ancients: and I am thoroughly convinced that the only true philosophy that ever was propounded to man is to be found in the Bible."

"Archimedes was the greatest man amongst them," rejoined Lockwood, following the course of his own thoughts, a habit of which he was very fond; "and in the study of his life and character, no great harm could be done to any one. But at our schools and colleges, what between Roman emperors, Greek magistrates, and gods and goddesses, we are brought all at once in our early youth into the midst of a crowd of rogues, prostitutes, and libertines, only fit for the back streets of a great town."

Unwittingly, Chandos had been led from many a grave memory and painful consideration to topics which had often engaged his youthful mind; and he replied, with a gay laugh, which showed how naturally light and cheerful was the spirit when free from the oppressive weight of circumstances: "As to the gods and goddesses, I agree with you entirely. There was not a lady amongst them who, in our times, would not have figured in the Arches Court; and as to the men, Apollo was the most gentlemanlike person of the whole, and yet he would have been transported for rape or hanged for felony long ago."

In such easy conversation they went on for half an hour more. It is no figure, but a certainty, that imagination has a charm—I mean, a power unaccountable, and almost magical, of wrapping the mind in a golden mist of its own, which hides or softens all the hard features of the scene around. But often, as with the fabled spells of the necromancer, the slightest thing—a word, a tone, a look—will waft away the pleasant veil, and restore the heart in a moment to the cold and black

reality. Such was the case with Chandos. Something apparently indifferent threw him back into deep thought; and after a long pause, he started up, saying, "This is very strange, to be sitting here beside you, Lockwood, within three days! But come, let us seek the bundle I have lost. The clouds are clearing away. There is a gleam of sunshine. When will the like fall upon my fate?"

"Before long, if you are strong-hearted," answered the other, rising also. "One half of every man's fate is his own making; the other half is made for him. Fortune's store is like one of those shops at a country fair, where there are a number of articles of different value, and of different use, each at the price of sixpence. Your sixpence you must pay; but then you have your choice, if you choose but wisely."

"I am not sure of the choice," said Chandos with a sigh; "but I will choose soon, at all events:" and he walked towards the door.

"Stay a minute," cried Lockwood; "I will take my gun. We may find some teal by the wear; and you will want dinner."

As they walked along, the younger of the two remained in silent thought. He was not full of the energetic inspiration of hope; and the flame of expectation had waned dim and low. Doubtless he had dreamed bright dreams in former times—doubtless he had looked at life through youth's magnifying-glass—doubtless his anticipations had been exuberant of the pleasant things of the future. But there seemed a fiat gone out against him,—that he was not to enjoy even that which had seemed within grasp. He looked over the future that he had fancied his own but a few days before, and felt that, like the prophet on "the top of Pisgah, which is over against Jericho," though there was a fair land in sight, his feet would never tread it. He felt that he had been proud, that he was proud; and he resolved to humble himself. But there was a bitterness in his humility which produced a wayward pettishness in all the plans which floated, like wreaths of smoke, before his mind. They were many, many, like the troops of strange forms which sometimes sweep—as it were, interminably—before the eyes in dreams. Varying were

they too, shifting and changing in hue, and form, and position, like the streamers of the northern meteor lights. Now he would forth into the great and busy world, and cull honour and distinction with a fiery energy, with the genius he knew himself to possess, with the learning he was conscious he had acquired, with the courage he felt in heart. He would seek the camp, or the court, or the bar, or the pulpit. He would make himself independent, he would make himself great. Then again he said, No; he would cast off all the ties which had hitherto bound him; the ties of blood, of station, of society. He would take his position at the lowest grade, at the very bottom of the ladder. He would try a state entirely new, a condition different from all he had yet tried, and see what would come of it. He could change, if he liked. His mind need not rust in humble life; his abilities would not get mouldy; his small means would accumulate. He would even, he thought, from time to time vary the scene: place humble life and a higher condition side by side, upon alternate days, and judge between them. As first disappoint-

ment is always whimsical, it was upon the last scheme that his thoughts most pleasantly rested; and with it he busied himself as, crossing the further part of the park, they approached the river. The point they made for was lower down than where he had swum across; but he paid little attention to anything; and the first thing that roused him was the sudden rising of a plump of teal from the rushes. They whirled round in a dense cloud. Lockwood's gun was up in a moment, fired, and four birds came down together. Then Chandos gazed at the rushing water, red and foaming, and he thought it marvellous that he had ever crossed it alive. "Perhaps it would have been better," he said bitterly to himself, "if I had remained in its fell clasp." He spoke not a word aloud; but Lockwood answered as if he could see the thoughts written.

"Poo! nonsense!" he said; "there is always something to live for in life. And there lies your bundle, drifted ashore at the other corner of the wear. You pick up the teal, and get that one out of the water, and I will go and fetch it."

"How?" said Chandos. But the other made no reply, and, quietly mounting the top of the wear, began to walk along its slippery and narrow path towards the other side of the river. The younger man watched him for a moment with anxiety; but he saw that Lockwood trod the six-inch rail like a rope-dancer, and he turned himself to gather up the dead birds. He had got two, and was reaching over the river to pull out a third, which had fallen into the stream, with his head bent down, when a light touch on the shoulder made him look up.

"Why won't you speak to one this morning, Mr. Lockwood?" said a middle-aged man in a keeper's dress. "I thought it was your gun, but I came down to see notwithstanding; for though Sir Harry is dead, that's no reason the game should be poached."

The man looked down on his face while he spoke, and Chandos then became aware how great was the likeness between him and his companion.

"My name is not Lockwood," he said, rising up to his full height. The man drew a little back in surprise, saying, "Ay, I see

you are not, now; but you are devilish like him. Then, my young gentleman, what are you doing shooting here?"

"It was Lockwood who fired," answered Chandos, gravely, with a certain degree of haughtiness in his manner and tone. "He is over there, seeking a bundle which I let fall into the water. There is his head amongst the weeds—don't you see?"

A friendly shout from the person of whom he spoke called the keeper's eyes in the right direction; and in a minute or two more, Lockwood, crossing back again over the wear, stood by them with the bundle in his hand.

"Here it is, Mr. Faber," he said; and instantly a gleam of intelligence passed over the keeper's face.

"Well, I thought you were very like," he said; "no offence to the gentleman I hope;" (for Chandos had coloured a good deal, either at his words, or Lockwood's;) "only he has got whiskers and you havn't, Lockwood. I was going down to your place this morning, to ask you if you would come up and take a bit of dinner with me and my old woman at the abbey; but as the gentle-

man is with you, I suppose I must not make so bold as to ask him too."

"I will come with all my heart," answered Chandos at once; "only you must take me in these clothes, for all the rest are wet."

Lockwood and the keeper smiled; and the former answered, "We don't stand upon such matters in our station, sir! Clean hands and a good appetite are all that we need at our table. Well, Garbett, you had better give your dame the birds, to make the dinner bigger; and we will be with you at one, or before, for I dare say Mr. Faber has never seen the abbey."

"Yes I have, often," answered Chandos, abstractedly; "but it was long ago."

"Well I never knew that," replied Lockwood, with a puzzled look: but, bidding the keeper good bye, and still carrying the bundle, he walked back with his companion towards his house, both keeping silence.

CHAPTER IV.

"HERE, you had better dry the things in the bundle," said Lockwood, "for they are as wet as a sponge—but that is a very illogical figure; for though a sponge may be wetted, yet a sponge need not always be wet."

Chandos took the bundle and went with it into the neighbouring room, on which the little sunshine that autumn had left was shining. He opened it, displayed the few articles it contained—half-a-dozen shirts, a suit of fashionable, well-cut clothes, with some combs and brushes, a small inkstand, and a roller dressing-case, richly mounted with silver. They were all as wet as water could make them; and he proceeded to unfold the va-

rious articles of apparel, placing them one by one over the backs of the wooden chairs. His eye was resting steadily upon one of the shirts, when Lockwood came in, with a face grave even to sternness, and an open letter in his hand, apparently just received.

"You have deceived me," were the first words he uttered; and as he did so his eye rested unwinking on his young companion.

"How so, Lockwood?" asked Chandos, without the slightest emotion. "If any one tells you in that letter that you are not named in the will in the manner I stated, he is deceiving you, not I."

"Not about that—not about that at all," answered Lockwood, "that is all true enough; but ——." He paused, and laid his finger upon a mark in the wet linen, adding, "Look there!"

"My dear Lockwood," said Chandos, laying his hand familiarly upon his arm, "I did not deceive you—you deceived yourself; but I did not intend long to leave you in any mistake. I only wished my own plans to be first arranged—I wished to give myself time to think, and be prepared to act, before I

spoke of matters that concerned me only, and not you at all."

"It was hardly fair, sir," answered Lockwood, not yet satisfied. "You left me to say things that might offend you; and though I am a humble man, yet we have what is called politeness of our own kind amongst us, as well as amongst others; and we do not like to say what may be offensive except upon necessary occasions."

"Could I have taken offence under such circumstances," replied Chandos, "I should have been a fool, deserving to suffer by his folly. But you must lay aside your anger, my good friend; first, because it is uncalled for; secondly, because I have enough to grieve me; and thirdly, because I am going to ask your hearty concurrence and assistance in plans which are now formed to meet very painful circumstances."

"Painful indeed!" said Lockwood, with much feeling.

"What has that letter told you?" asked his companion.

"All," replied the other; "every thing." I now know why you have acted as you have.

The steward was always a good friend of mine, and of my poor mother's; and he has told me all that happened. I do not wonder at what you have done; I shall not wonder at anything you may do."

"All, he cannot have told you," answered Chandos; "for no one knows all but myself and one other, who, I am sure, for his own sake, would not tell it; nor would I. However, what is necessary to be said I can tell you as we go up to the abbey. I would fain walk over the old place from one end to the other; and therefore we will set out as soon as you like. You shall hear my plans and purposes; you shall give me help, if you can and will; and, at all events, I am quite sure you will keep my secret."

"No fear of my not doing that, sir," answered Lockwood, warmly; "and help you I will, as far as I can, if you will only tell me how. That is all that is wanted; for though I and mine have not been well treated, you have been treated worse, I think."

"Do not call me 'sir,' Lockwood," replied his young companion, grasping his hand warmly; "call me Chandos; and say not a

word against those who are gone, if you love me. There is something so sacred in death, that, though it may be a weakness not to scan the actions of the dead as we would do those of the living, yet it is a weakness I could not part with. There is something beyond—above reason in man's nature—something that distinguishes him more from the brute, raises him far higher above it. It is that feeling which is called by the Word of God, *charity;* (very different from that to which we men give the name;) and if we are forbidden to censure our living enemies, how much more our dead friends! In this matter there has been some mistake; the will is dated ten years ago, when all the circumstances were very different, when no unfortunate dissensions had arisen, when I was myself a mere stripling. So let that pass; and now let us go. As I walk along I will tell you my plans. Do not attempt to dissuade or advise me; for my resolution is taken, and all I require is help."

"I wish to Heaven you would have something more," rejoined Lockwood, earnestly.

"What is that?" inquired Chandos.

"Why, the five hundred pounds," answered the other. "I can make no use of it, indeed. I have no need of it. I am like a tree that has grown into a certain shape, and can take no other. I have enough, sir, for all my wants and wishes. That is what few men can say, I know; but I can from my heart; and when I get the money I shall not know what to do with it. I shall only be put out of my way, and, perhaps, be tempted to play the fool."

"No, no," answered his guest, "I neither can nor will take that which was justly destined for you. Besides, I do not need it, I am not so destitute as you suppose. Something—a pittance indeed, but still something—was secured to me long ago, and it no one can take from me. But, come; as we walk along, we will talk more."

And they did talk as they walked along, earnestly, eagerly, and took more than one turn out of the way because their conversation was not done. At length, however, they directed their course in a straight line across the park, and in a few minutes Winslow Abbey stood before them. Many of my

readers who know the part of the country in which I live must have seen it, some few perhaps wandered all over it; but for those who have not, I must describe it as it appeared before the eyes of Lockwood and his companion.

Winslow Abbey was one of the few buildings of Richard the Third's reign. It was not of the most florid style of even that time, and much less so than that of Richard's successor; but still there was wonderful lightness and grace in the architecture. Some parts of the building, indeed, were older and heavier than the rest, but rich and beautiful notwithstanding. These were principally to be found in the abbey church, which was quite in ruins, mantled with green ivy, and fringed with many a self-sown ash. Growing in the midst of the nave, and rising far above, where the roof had once been, was a group of dark pines, waving their tops in the wind like the plumes upon a hearse. Who had planted them no one knew; but the record might well have passed by, for their size bespoke the passing of a century at least. There, ruin had fully done his work, apparently without one effor

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from man's hand to stay his relentless rage; but such was not the case with the rest of the building. Old and somewhat decayed it certainly was; but traces were evident, over every part, of efforts made, not many years before, to prevent the progress of dilapidation. In the fine delicate mullions, in the groups of engaged columns, in the corbels and buttresses, in the mouldings of the arches, were seen portions of stone, which the hand of time had not yet blackened; and here and there, in the ornamental part, might be traced the labours of a ruder and less skilful chisel than that which had sculptured the original roses, and monsters, and cherubim's heads, scattered over the whole. The ivy, too, which, it would seem, had at one time grown so luxuriantly as to be detrimental, had been carefully removed in many places, and trimmed and reduced to more decorative proportions in others. Where the thin filaments of the plant had sucked out the mortar, with the true worldly wisdom which destroys what it rests on to support itself, fresh cement had been applied; and though some years had evidently passed since these

repairs had been made, the edifice was still sound and weather tight.

Projecting in the centre was a large pile, which had probably been the Abbot's lodging, richly decorated with mitre, and key, and insignia of clerical authority; for the Abbot of Winslow had been a great man in his day, and had sat in Parliament amongst the peers of the realm. On either side were large irregular wings, with here and there a mass thrown forward nearly on the line of the great corps de logis, and more richly ornamented than the parts between; but all, as I have said, beautifully irregular, for one of the great excellencies of that style of building is the harmonious variety of the forms. From either angle of the façade ran back long rows of lower buildings, surrounding a court with cloisters, external and internal; and on both sides the deep beech woods came boldly forward, offering, in their brown and yellow tints, a fine contrast to the cold grey stone and the green ivy. All that appeared on the mere outside of the building, was of centuries long gone by, or, at least, appeared so to be. Even the terrace in front, raised by a step or

two above the surrounding park—though probably abbots and monks had passed away ere it was levelled—had been made to harmonize with the Abbey by a screen of light stone-work in the same style. But through the small-paned windows of the building, the notions of modern times peeped out in efforts for that comfort which we so much prize. Shutters of dark oak were seen closed along the front, except in one room, where three windows were open, and rich damask curtains of deep crimson flapped in the November wind.

Chandos halted on the terrace, and gazed round. How many sensations crowd on us when we first see again in manhood the places we have known and loved in youth! But whatever were those in the young man's bosom, they vented themselves in but one expression. "Pull it down!" he exclaimed, in a tone at once melancholy and indignant. "Pull it down!"

"Who, in the name of folly and wickedness, would ever think of such a thing?" cried Lockwood.

"It has been spoken about, nevertheless," answered Chandos; "and he, who had the

bad taste to propose it, has now the full power to do it. But let us go in: the house seems well enough; but the park is in a sad neglected state."

"How can it be otherwise?" was Lockwood's answer, as he led the way across the terrace towards one of the doors near the eastern angle of the building. "There is but one keeper and one labourer left. They do all they can, poor people; but it would take twenty hands to keep this large place in order. But the house is better, as you say; and the reason of that is, that, when Sir Harry was here last, just about five years ago, though he only stayed one day, he saw with his own eyes that everything was going to ruin. He therefore ordered it to be put in proper repair. But the park he took no notice of; and it has gone to rack and ruin ever since."

As he spoke, he pushed back a small door, plated with iron, and studded with large nails, hardly wide enough for two persons to pass at a time and pointed at the top, to fit the low arch of the stone-work. A narrow passage, guiltless of paint or whitewash,

led to what had been the abbot's kitchen, in times long gone. It formed now the sitting-room of the good keeper and his wife, who had been put in to take care of the house. In honour, however, of an expected guest, the cloth, which was already laid, although it wanted near an hour of one, was spread in the housekeeper's room adjoining.

The good dame, who with a little girl fifteen or sixteen years of age, her niece, was busied in hospitable cares, viz., in the spitting of the already plucked teal, made a courtsey to Chandos on being caught in the fact, which had nearly run the poor bird in her hands through the body in a sense and direction totally different from that which she intended. But Chandos soon relieved her from any little temporary embarrassment, by saying, that he would walk through the house with Lockwood, till dinner was ready.

A flight of steps led them up to paved galleries and halls, many in number, confused in arrangement, and not altogether convenient, except for the purposes for which they were originally destined. Chandos seemed to need no guide, however, to the labyrinth; and it

must be observed, that the only use of Lockwood, as his companion, seemed to be to exchange an occasional sentence with him, and to open the window-shutters of the different rooms, to admit the free air and light.

"Let us go this way, Lockwood," said his younger companion; "I wish to see the library first; and the best way will be through the glazed cloister, round the inner court."

"How well you remember it!" said Lockwood. "But I fear you will find the library in bad order; for the people left in the place do not know much about books."

Nevertheless, Chandos hurried on, and entered a long, broad, stone-paved passage, which had been ingeniously fitted up, so as to defend those who passed along from the wind and weather. This gallery, or cloister, ran along three of the internal sides of the building, only interrupted at one point by a large hall-door, through which carriages could pass from the terrace to the inner court; and, threading it quickly, Chandos and his companion reached a door at the opposite angle, which, however, was not to be opened easily. The key Lockwood had not

got; but, pushing back a lesser door to the left, which was unlocked, they found their way through a small, elegantly fitted-up study to another door of the library, which did not prove so stubborn. In this little study, or reading-room, were six old oak chairs, curiously carved, and covered with rich crimson velvet; a sofa, evidently modern, but worked by a skilful, and, doubtless, expensive upholsterer, so as to harmonize with the other furniture; a writing-table, of old oak, with bronze inkstands, lamps, pen-holders, and some little ornaments of the same metal; and two small bookcases, with glazed doors, which covered and discovered the backs of a number of splendidly-bound books.

"This is all mine, Lockwood," said Chandos, gazing round with some pleasure. "It is left to me so distinctly, that there can be no cavil about it, or there would be a cavil, depend upon it. The words are:—'The library, with all the furniture, books, pictures, busts, and other articles of every kind whatsoever in the room so called; and also everything contained in the small writing-room adjoining, at the time of the testator's death.'"

"I'll make an inventory of them," said Lockwood, with a cheerful air. "The library, too? Why, that's a fortune in itself."

His younger companion mused for several moments, with his hand on the library-door. "That is true," he said; "I never thought of that. And yet it were a painful fortune, too, to turn to any account; for it would go hard with me, ere I sold the old books, over which I have pored so often. However, Lockwood, take you an inventory, as you say: and in the mean time, I will consider how I am to dispose of all these things. I shall never have a house big enough to put those book-cases in."

"You can't tell," answered Lockwood. "What you are going to try first, you will soon get tired of; and then you will take some other course, and may raise yourself to be a great man, yet. You have had a good education, been to Eton, and college, and all that; and so you can do anything you please."

Chandos shook his head sadly, and replied: "The road to high fortune, my good friend, is not so easily travelled now as once

it was. So many are driving along it, that there is no room for one to pass the other."

"There's another reason besides that," answered Lockwood, "why we see so few mount high now-a-days. It's all like bread and butter at a school; there's but a certain portion of butter for the whole; and if the number of mouths be increased, it must be spread thinner. However, as I have said, you can do what you like; for you are young, determined enough for anything, and have a good education, so you may be a great man, if you like."

"You have had a good education too, Lockwood," replied the other.

"Ay, but not so good as yours," said his companion. "Mine has been picked up anyhow; and a man never makes much of that. Besides, you have always been accustomed to keep company with gentlefolks; and I am a boor. Education means something else than cramming a man's head with Greek and Latin, or mathematics either; and, moreover, I don't want to be a great man, if I could. To me it would be as disagreeable, as you will find being a little one."

"Well, well, we have settled that question," said Chandos; "and for the future God will provide."

He then walked up to one of the large bookcases, carved like the screen of an old church, took down a volume so covered with dust that the top looked as if it were bearing a crop of wool, opened it, and read a few lines mechanically. Lockwood stood near, with his arms folded on his broad chest, gazing at him with a thoughtful look, then, tapping him lightly on the arm, he said, "You have forgotten one thing: you will have to receive all these fine things some day soon; how will that square with all your fine plans?"

Chandos took a moment or two to reply; for it would seem, he had not indeed considered the subject. "I will tell you, Lockwood," he said; "I will give you an order to receive them in my name. I shall be near at hand, to do anything more that may be necessary."

"But what am I to do with them?" asked Lockwood, frightened at the idea of such folio volumes, and awful bookcases. "But I

will tell you what I can do," he added, a moment afterwards. "There's the young parson over at Northferry, he's a good young man and kind, I have always heard, though I don't know him, and has a large house not yet half furnished. He'll give them place, I'm sure. We can talk of that afterwards. But it must be the good folks' dinner hour, by this time; and keepers have huge appetites."

"Well, let us go back," said Chandos, with a sigh. "But we can walk through the rooms. It will not take us longer."

"The base and the perpendicular are always in their sum more than the hypothenuse," replied Lockwood, drily. "But doubtless they are not so ravenous as to grudge a few minutes to look at places you have not seen for so long, and may never see again.—Odd's life, pull the place down! They must be mad!"

Chandos made no answer, but walked on, passing from room to room, along the wide front of the building. He gazed around him as he went with a slow pace, but only twice he stopped. Once it was to look at a

picture; that of a lady in a riding habit. It was an early portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, with great breadth and power, and some careless drawing and want of finish, in subsidiary parts. But the face was full of life. The liquid eyes, with the clear light streaming through the cornea, and illuminating the iris, seemed gazing into your heart. The lips spoke to you; but there was a sadness in the tones, which poured melancholy into the gazer.

"Ay, she had an unhappy life of it, poor thing," said Lockwood, at once interpreting the expression in the portrait, and the feelings in his companion's heart. "I, of course, had no reason to love her; but yet, I grieved for her from my soul."

Chandos turned abruptly round, laid his left hand upon Lockwood's shoulder, and seemed about to reply almost bitterly. But then he stopped suddenly, looked him full in the face, with the finger of his right hand extended to his companion's breast, and with a sad shake of the head, moved away. The next time he stopped, it was before a small work-table, which he gazed at for a minute or two,

and then said, "If there is a sale, Lockwood, as I dare say there will be, I should like to have that. Purchase it for me; it cannot sell for much."

He then quickened his pace, and proceeded without a pause to the abbot's kitchen. There was apparent, however, as he went along, a quivering of the lip at times, and an occasional wide expansion of the nostril, which made Lockwood think that strong emotions were busy within him. Whatever they were, he threw off his gloom when he joined the good keeper and his wife at their meal; and though not gay, he chatted with the rest, and sometimes laughed; ate their good cheer with a hearty appetite, and drank more than one glass of old ale. The dinner was over, and they were sitting, about two o'clock, with that pause for digestion, the necessity for which all animals feel, when a grating sound, as of carriage-wheels, was heard; and going to the window, the three men saw a post-chaise, dragged on slowly by two sorry jades, through the loose stuff of the long-neglected road.

"My goody! who can that be?" cried the

keeper's wife, looking over her husband's shoulder.

"It is Roberts, the steward," said Chandos, with a grave face. "Do not let him be brought in here, Lockwood. I will see him afterwards; but it must be alone."

Lockwood nodded his head significantly, and went out with the keeper, who hurried to the principal entrance of Winslow Abbey, towards which the chaise directed its course.

"Don't say anything at present of the young gentleman being here," whispered Lockwood to the keeper, as the latter unbolted the great doors. An acquiescent nod was the reply, and the next moment Mr. Roberts approached the entrance.

I must pause, both upon the character and appearance of that person; for he was not an ordinary one. Richard Roberts was diminutive in person, though exceedingly well formed; most of his features were plain; and he was a good deal marked with the small-pox; but his eyes were fine, large, and expressive; and his brow was both broad and high. He had been educated as an attorney by his father, who was an attorney also; but

the father and the son were different. The father was a keen, shrewd, money-making man, who had no scruples within the law. He had married the daughter of a country banker, and treated her very harshly from the hour the bank broke. He had been very civil before. She bore all patiently; for she had a very high sense of duty, which she transmitted to her son; but she died early; for she was too gentle and affectionate to endure unkindness long. The young man submitted to his father's pleasure, though the desk and the red tape were an abomination to him; and he went on studying deeply till he was out of his clerkship, when he entered into partnership with his father. The father, who was a thick-necked man, ate too much, and drank too much, at a hot corporation dinner; and a thin alderman—for there are such things — remarked, that Roberts had eaten and drank enough that night to serve him his whole life. So it did, too; for, just as he was peeling his third orange after dinner, and somebody was getting up to make a speech, which nobody was likely to attend to, Mr. Roberts leaned amicably upon

his next neighbour's breast; and that gentleman at first imagined—notwithstanding the improbability of the thing—that Roberts was drunk. When he was set up in his chair again, he moved not, except to fall slowly to the other side; and then it began to strike people, that a man might be dead instead of drunk, even at a corporation-dinner. So it proved; and the firm was changed from "Roberts and Son," to "Richard Roberts." To the surprise of everybody, however, the whole business of Mr. Roberts's office was wound up within three months, and the office closed. Every one knew, that the old man had been of a money-making turn; but still, they argued, that he could not have left enough for young Roberts to turn gentleman upon. This was true; and shortly after he accepted the situation of steward and law-agent to Sir Harry Windslow, rejecting all fees, and doing the whole business for a moderate fixed salary, which, with what his father had left him, was sufficient for his ambition. Thus he had gone on for five-and-twenty years. The tenants were always well pleased with him; for he forced no man to

take a lease, when an agreement for one would do as well; but never refused a lease when it was required. Sir Harry was not always well pleased; for there was a rigidity about Mr. Roberts, and about his notions, which did not quite suit him; but Mr. Roberts, like an indispensable minister, was always ready to resign. He was now a man of more than fifty years of age, with very white hair, very black eyebrows, and a pale, thoughtful complexion; and, as he walked up from the chaise to the house, his step, though not exactly feeble, had none of the buoyancy of youth and strong health about it.

"Good morning, Garbett. Good morning, Mr. Lockwood. You have got my letter, I hope?"

"Not till this morning, Mr. Roberts," answered Lockwood; "although I should have had it last night, if the postman would but take the diagonal line, instead of two sides of a parallelogram."

Roberts smiled gravely and entered the house, saying: "Mankind will choose devious ways, Lockwood; but, at all events, I hope you were satisfied with the information I con

veyed. I thought it best to put your mind at ease at once."

"Oh! it was never uneasy," answered Lockwood. "I have always my hands and my head, Mr. Roberts, and I know how to make use of them. But I suppose you have come to seal the things up here."

"Not exactly," answered Roberts; "only a little business connected with my situation, which I trust to get over by to-morrow morning."

"Will your honour like any dinner?" asked Garbett, the keeper. "My old woman can get it ready for you in a minute."

"Not just yet," answered Roberts; "about four o'clock, perhaps; but I must get through some business first. Show me the way to the late Sir Harry's business-room, Garbett. It is so long since I was here, that I almost forget it."

The keeper did as he was desired; and Mr. Roberts, requiring pen and ink, and apparently wishing to be left alone, Lockwood and Garbett left him; and the former rejoined Chandos in the housekeeper's room. After time had been given for the gamekeeper

to supply the steward with writing materials, and the voice of the former was heard in the adjoining kitchen, Chandos walked away straight to the room where Roberts was shut up, and remained there for nearly an hour. At the end of that time the door opened; and Chandos shook the steward by the hand, saying: "I shall see you on Saturday, Roberts, for the last time, perhaps, for months, or years; but I trust entirely to you, to take care that whatever rights I have are duly protected."

"That I will do, you may depend upon it, sir," replied the steward; "and, perhaps, —— But no matter; things must take their course according to law; for we have no power, unfortunately, over men's hearts."

Chandos turned away; and the steward remained gazing after him till he was lost in the turning of the inner cloister.

CHAPTER V.

We have histories of almost everything that the earth contains, or ever has contained – of kings, and bloody battles; (almost inseparable from kings;) of republics, and domestic anarchy; (inseparable from republics;) of laws, rents, prices; (Tooke has despatched prices;) of churches, sects, religions; of society—that grand, strange, unaccountable compound of evil and good; where men's vices and virtues, ever at war, are made mutually to counteract each other, and bring about an equilibrium balanced on a hair; always vibrating, sometimes terribly deranged, but ever returning to its poise. But, thank Heaven! we have not absolutely histories of everything; and. amongst others, we have not a history of

opinion. The world, however, is a strange place; the men and women in it, strange creatures; and the man who would sit down to write a true history of opinions, showing how baseless are those most fondly clung to, how absurd are those most reverently followed, how wicked are some of those esteemed most holy, would, in any country, and in any age, be pursued and persecuted till he were as dead as the carrion on which feeds the crow; nay, long after his miserable bones were as white as an egg-shell. I am even afraid of the very assertion; for the world is too vain, and too cowardly, to hear that any of its opinions are wrong; and we must swim with the stream, if we would swim at all. There is one thing, indeed, to be said, which justifies the world, although it is not the ground on which the world acts—that he who would upset the opinions established, were he ten times wiser than Solon, or Solomon either, would produce a thousand evils where he removed one. It is an old coat that will not bear mending; and the wearer is, perhaps, right to fly at every one who would peck it. Moreover, there is

primâ facie, very little cause to suppose that he who would overthrow the notions which have been entertained, with slight modifications, by thousands of human beings through thousands of years, is a bit more wise, enlightened, true, or virtuous, than the rest; and I will fairly confess, that I have never yet seen one of these moral knights-errant who did not replace error by error, folly by folly, contradiction by contradiction, the absurdities of others by absurdities of his own. Nay, more; amongst all who have started up to work a radical change in the opinions of mankind, I have never heard but of one, the universal adoption of whose views, in their entirety, would have made the whole race wiser, better, and happier. He was God as well as man. Men crucified him; and, lest the imperishable truth should condemn them, set to work to corrupt his words, and pervert his doctrines, within a century after he had passed from earth. Gnostics, monks, priests, saints, fathers, all added or took away; and then they closed the book, and sealed it with a brazen clasp.

Still there are some good men withal, but

not wise, who, bold, and somewhat vain, set at nought the danger of combatting the world's opinion, judge for themselves, often not quite sanely, and have a pride in differing from others. Such is the case, in a great degree, with that old gentleman sitting at the breakfast table, on the right-hand side, with the light streaming through the still green leaves of plants in a fine conservatory, pouring on his broad bald head and grey hair. I do not mean the man so like him, but somewhat younger, who is reading a newspaper at the end of the table, while he takes his coffee, colder than it might have been, if he had contented himself with doing one thing at one time. They are brothers; but very different in habits, thoughts, and views. The organ of reverence, if there be such an organ, is very large in the one, nearly wanting in the other; and yet there are some things that the elder brother does reverence, too—virtue, honour, gentleness, purity. Now, he would not, for the world, shock the ears of those two beautiful girls, his brother's daughters, with many of the notions which he himself entertains. He reverences conscien-

tious conviction, even where he differs; and would not take away a hope, or undermine a principle, for the world.

The elder girl asked him if he would take any more coffee. "No, my Lily," he answered, (for he was poetical in speech and mind,) "not even from your hands, love;" and rising for a moment from the table, with his hands behind his broad burly back, he moved to the window, and looked into the conservatory.

"What makes you so grave, dear uncle?" asked the other girl, following; "I will know; for I am in all your secrets."

"All, my Rose?" he said, smiling at her, and taking one of the rich curls of her hair in his hand. "What heart ever lays bare all its secrets? One you do not know."

"Indeed!" she cried, sportively. "Then confess it this instant. You have no right to have any from me."

"Listen, then," he answered, pulling her to him with a look of fatherly affection, and whispering: "I am in love with Rose Tracy. Don't tell Lily, for I am in love with her too; and unfortunately, we are not in Turkey,

where polygamy gives vast scope to the tender passions."

"What is he saying about me?" asked Emily Tracy, the elder of the nieces, who caught the sound of her own abbreviated name. "Do not believe a word he says, Rose; he is the most perfidious of men."

"I know he is," replied her sister; "he is just now sighing over the prohibition of polygamy, and wishing himself in Turkey."

"Not if you were not with me, Rose," cried her uncle, with a hearty laugh that shook the room. Why should I not have a whole garden of roses — with some lilies — with some lillies too? Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is always the way with men who never marry at all," said Emily; "they all long for polygamy. Why do you not try what a single marriage is like, my dear uncle, before you think of multiplying it?"

"Because two panniers are more easily borne than one, my Lily," answered her uncle, laughing again.

The two girls united to scold him; and he replied with compliments, sometimes hyperbolical, sometimes bitter, and with much

laughter, till his brother was roused from his deep studies, laid down the newspaper, drunk his coffee, and joined them at the window.

"Well, Walter," he said, "I see those amusing Frenchmen have given a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances, against another woman who has poisoned her husband with arsenic. He was kind, tender, affectionate, the evidence shows; forgave her a great many offences; and treated her with anything but harshness, though she certainly was not the best of wives. She poisoned him slowly, quietly, deliberately, that she might marry a paramour, who had already corrupted her. Yet they find 'extenuating circumstances.'"

"To be sure," answered General Tracy. "Do you not see them, Arthur? You say, he forgave her a great number of offences, and consequently, did not do his duty to himself, or to her. But the truth is, these Frenchmen think murder better than execution; and, after massacreing thousands of honest men, some forty or fifty years ago, will not now put one guilty man to death, though his crime is proved by irresistible evidence."

"It is all slop," replied Mr. Arthur Tracy. "The word is, perhaps, a little vulgar, but yet I repeat it, 'It is all slop.' I will write an essay upon slop, some day; for we have just as much of it in England, as they have in France; only we shelter murder under a *monomania*, and the French under *extenuating circumstances*. It is wonderful how slop is beginning to pervade all classes of society. It already affects even romance-writers and novelists. The people used to rejoice in blood and murder, so that an old circulating library was like a bear's den; nothing but gore and bones. But now one is sickened in every page, with maudling sentimentality, only fit for the second piece of a minor theatre. Love-sick dustmen, wronged and sentimental greengrocers; poetic and inspired costermongers; with a whole host of blind, lame, and deformed peasantry and paupers, transformed into angels and cherubs, by the assistance of a few clap-trap phrases, which have been already hackneyed for half a century on the stage. Slop, slop, Walter; it is all slop; and at the bottom of every kind of slop, is charlatanism."

"Humbug, you mean," said his elder brother. "Why do you use a French word, when you can get an English one, Arthur?"

"If the men really wished to defend the cause of the poor," continued Mr. Tracy, taking no notice of his brother's reproach, "why don't they paint them and their griefs as they really are? Did you ever see, Walter, in all your experience, such lack-adaisical, poetical, white-aproned damsels amongst the lower classes, as we find in books now-a-days?"

"Oh yes," said General Tracy; "I'll find you as many as you like, on the condition that they be educated at a ladies' charity-school, where they stitch romance into their samplers, write verses in their copy-books, and learn to scrub the floors to etherial music. — But come, my Flowers," he added, turning to his nieces, "will you take a walk? and we will go and see some real cottages, and see some real peasants."

His proposal was willingly agreed to; and Mr. Tracy—who was of a speculative disposition—was speculating whether he should go with them, or not, when the butler

entered and put his negative upon it, by saying: "Please, sir, here is a young man come to ask about the head gardener's place."

"I will see him in a minute," said Mr. Tracy. "Show him into the library."

While the father of the family, after looking at one or two more paragraphs in the newspaper, walked into his library, to see the person who waited for him, his two daughters had gone to put on bonnets and shawls; and the old General sauntered out, through the conservatory, to the lawn before the house. Nothing could be more beautiful, or more tasteful, than the arrangements of the whole grounds. Large masses of hardy exotics were planted round, now, alas! no longer in flower; but a multitude of the finest and the rarest evergreens hid the ravages which the vanguard of winter had already made, and afforded shelter from the cutting winds to some few autumnal flowers, which yet lingered, as if unwilling to obey the summons to the grave. The old man gazed upon the gardens, and vacant parterres; upon the shrubberies of evergreen,

and upon the leafless plants beside them; and a sad and solemn spirit came upon him as he looked. Poetry, the magic mirror in the mind, which reflects all external things with hues more intense than the realities, received and returned every sad image, that the decay of nature's children presents, in colours more profound and dark. He thought of the tomb, and of corruption, and of the vanity of all man's efforts upon earth, and upon the sleep that knows no waking, and the perishing of our very memory from among our kindred and our race. The warm life that still throbbed high in his old heart, revolted at the idea of cold extinction. He felt that it is a terrible doom that rests upon all the children of the dust; but threefold terrible, to the only being conscious of its inevitable coming, filled with the thirst of the waters of life, instinct with appreciation of all its excellence. He had been in battle, that old man, he had faced the cannon and the bayonet, had heard the eager balls whistle round his temples, screaming like vultures for his blood; he had seen thousands dying about him; but he had never

felt what a dreary thing death is, as in the presence of those fading flowers.

At length the two girls joined him, and he put on a less thoughtful air; but Rose, the youngest and the gayest, had a shadow on her brow; he knew not from what. It was not altogether sad; but it was as if a cloud had passed for a moment between her eyes and the sun, rendering the deep blue more deep.

The day was fine and bright, but cold; and a shrewd wind moved the dry leaves about under the trees, making them whisper like ghosts as they rustled pass. The old man breasted the breeze, however; and his clear rosy cheek seemed to glow only the more warmly in the spirit of resistance. So, too, his mind opposed itself to the blast of chill thoughts which had assailed him, and he laughed and jested with his nieces, as they went, on the very subjects which had oppressed him when alone.

"Look, Lily," he said, "how all the children of the spring are gathered into the grave of winter, already massed up to crumble down, and be succeeded by others doomed to pass

away after a brief space like themselves! And thus we shall all tumble from our boughs and wither. There, that faded thing is me, full of holes and scars as a politician's conscience; and that Michaelmas-daisy is you, Lily, blossoming upon the arm of winter."

"You are lively, dear uncle," said Emily, laughing; "and Rose does not seem gay, though she was so merry just now. You must have said something very serious to her at the window, for she has been in a reverie ever since we left the breakfast-room."

"Faith, I was very serious," answered her uncle: "I offered her marriage; but she said it was against the laws of the realm and the common prayer-book, to marry your grandfather or your uncle. What is it, Summer-flower, that makes you hang your head?"

"Winter, I suppose, uncle," replied his younger niece. "But, if truth must be told, I am not warm. Let us walk more quickly, till we get behind the grove, where there is shelter from this biting wind."

They did walk on more quickly; and Rose, either by an effort, or naturally, grew gayer. They passed through the grove, and out upon

the fields, then through lanes again, deep, between banks, with withered shrubs above, when suddenly there came upon them a smell, pleasant in winter, of burning wood, mingled with turf."

"There are some of the yellow people near," said General Tracy. "Now, Rose, is the time, if you would have your fortune told."

"I should like it, of all things," cried the girl, gladly. "Dear uncle, let us find them out, and hear what a trifle of husbands and wives they will give us. You will come in for your share, depend upon it; and a sweet delusive vision of polygamy and 'famed Turkie' will be afforded you yet."

"Oh! I am quite ready," said her uncle. "But, what say you, Lily?"

"That I think it is always very foolish," answered Emily, "to have anything to do with such people. If you believe them, they make you uneasy, and play upon your credulity. If you do not believe them, why give half-a-crown for imposition?"

"Reasoned like Aristotle, dear Lily," exclaimed her uncle; "but there is one point

in philosophy which you have not taken into consideration. Everybody has a certain portion of folly to expend, which, like a boy's new guinea, burns his pocket till it is all gone. Now I wish every one had as innocent a way of spending his foolishness: so Rose and I will have our fortunes told. You shall do as you like."

I am as glad of having half-a-crown in my pocket," cried Rose, "as a housemaid when she first hears the cuckoo."

While they had been speaking they had walked on through the lane to a wider spot, where, under a yellow bank, with blackberries still hanging above, like dark eyes amongst the withered leaves, rose up the smoke of the forbidden pot. Two or three of the tents of Kedar were seen under shelter of the high ground, dingy and begrimed with manifold seasons of exposure, and apparently not large enough to hold one of the bipeds which usually nestle in them in multitudes. The reason given for an ostrich not sitting on its eggs (which is very doubtful, by-the-by) might well be given for a gipsey not living in his tent, i. e. because his legs are too long;

but, not to discuss the matter too philosophically, there were the tents, but no gipseys in them. Nor were there many out of them in their immediate neighbourhood; for only one was to be seen, and that a woman. Not the slightest touch of Meg Merrilles, not the slightest touch of Lena, was apparent in the worthy dame. She was a woman perhaps of six or seven and twenty years of age, as yellow as a crow's foot, but with a good warm glow shining through the golden russet. Her eyes were black as sloes, and shining like polished jet. The features were all good, though not as new as they once had been; very like the features of figures found painted in Egyptian tombs, if ever you saw them, reader—straight, yet not Grecian, and more resembling those of the bust of the sybil than any others of classical lands and times. She was still plump, and in good case, without having reached the full amplitude (is that a pleonasm?) which it is probable she would attain, and still farther removed from that state of desiccation at which she would certainly arrive if she lived long enough. Her head was covered with the peculiar straw bonnet,

in the peculiar shape which has given a name to a part of ladies' head gear; from her shoulders hung the red cloak, and crossed upon her abundant bosom was a handkerchief of crimson and yellow. She was not at all poetical or romantical, but a very handsome woman notwithstanding. She was evidently a priestess of Vesta, without vows, left to keep the sacred fire in, while the rest of the sisterhood and brotherhood were absent upon different errands; and as soon as she perceived a well-dressed party approaching, she abandoned the flame, and came forward with her head bent coaxingly, and her black eyes gleaming forth from beneath the raven hair. The rapid look she gave to each, seemed enough to afford her every clue to character she might want; and with vast volubility she cried, in a musical but whining tone, "Cross my hand, dear ladies and gentleman; cross my hand, pretty ladies—cross it with silver, or cross it with gold, 'tis all the same; you have nice fortunes, I can see by the corner of the eye. I shall have to tell you wonderful things, when I look in your palms, I know, pretty ladies. And that old gentleman

will have half a dozen wives yet, for all his hair is so white, and children like a covey of partridges."

Rose laughed gaily, drew out her purse, and tendered her fair hand. The gipsey woman, after having got her fee, took the rosy tip of the long, taper middle finger, and gazed as seriously into the palm as if she believed there was truth in her art. Perhaps she did, for imposture is often like a charge of gunpowder, and acts as strongly towards the breech as towards the muzzle. But when she had examined the few soft lines for a minute, she shook her head gravely, saying, "You will live long and happily, pretty lady, though there's a sad cross about the beginning of the line of life; but the line goes through, and then it's all clear; and, let me see—yes—you shall marry a gardener."

With a start, Rose drew away her hand, and her face became crimson; while her sister and her uncle laughed aloud, with a little spice of good-humoured malice.

"Come," cried the old General, "there's a fine fate for you, Flower! Now are you satisfied? It is true, depend upon it; it is

true. These Egyptians were always masters of mighty secrets; witness their rods turned into serpents, though it was but to feast Aaron's rod. But this brown lady of Egypt shall tell my fortune, too; for she looks

'A palace
For crowned truth to dwell in ——.'

Here, my sorceress, look at my palm, and see what you can make of that! It has been crossed by many a piece of gold and silver in its day, as well as your own."

The woman resumed her examination; and studied the broad furrowed hand attentively. At length she said, looking up in the old man's face, "You shall live as you have lived, but not die as you have lived. You shall not fall by fire or steel."

"Nor lead?" asked the soldier.

"No," she answered, "nor by accident of any kind; but by slow decay, like a sick bird in a cage, or a sick horse in a stall; and you shall see death coming for long days before he comes."

"That's not pleasant," said General Tracy. "But what will become of my half dozen of wives?"

"They will all die with you," answered the woman with a grin, which showed her white teeth to the back; "for no other wife will you have than you now have."

"Hard fate!" cried Walter Tracy, lifting up his hands and eyes, and laughing—"six wives all in one day, and their husband, to boot! But I understand how it is. They must be all Hindoos, and will burn themselves at my funeral, poor things! Now, Emily, it is your turn."

"Not I," replied the young lady, gravely; "I have not the slightest inclination."

"Ah, pretty lady," cried the gipsey, "do cross my hand, and I will tell your beautiful fortune in a minute."

"No, indeed, my good woman," replied Emily Tracy. "I am quite contented to wait till God shows it to me. If I believed you could tell, I should think it wrong to ask you; and as I do not believe you can, it would be only foolish."

The gipsey woman looked at her fiercely, and exclaimed, with an angry and menacing voice, "You do not believe? I will make you believe. I don't need to look in your

hand. Your proud heart will be humbled—you will marry a felon."

"Come, come, this is somewhat too much," said General Tracy; "no insolence, my good woman, or I may have occasion to punish it. Those who are foolish enough to ask you questions, you may answer as you will; but you have no right to say such things to those who make no inquiries of you."

"It is true, and so you will find," answered the woman, returning sullenly to her pot; and without taking any further notice of her, the party walked on.

CHAPTER VI.

In the grey of the early morning a young man walked across the country, near Winslow park. He was dressed like a respectable countryman, with a good plain fustian coat upon his back, and leathern gaiters on his legs. Robust and healthy, he went along at a quick pace; but yet his look was not joyous, and his brow was stern. The country rose gradually over gentle slopes at first, and then wooded hills. Soon it reached a barer region, where downs extended far and wide, and great hills were seen, scantily covered with short grass. No trees; but here and there a stunted hawthorn, or solitary fir; no hedgerows, no cultivated field were there, except where now and then the traces

of the plough were apparent in a dell, promising a thin crop of barley or rye for the ensuing year. The air was cold and invigorating, the sky clear, and the curlew, with its arched wings, and wild whistle, skimmed away from the white patch of uncovered cliff as the wayfarer passed by, even at a distance. He walked on, five—ten miles; and then he passed through a gap in the hills where they had been cut precipitously down, through chalk and flint, to give passage to the cross-country road. When he had reached the middle of the gap, another country was before him, lying beautiful and soft in the blue morning. Cold might be the colouring, but dark, and fine, and clear. There were woods, and fields, and two or three villages; and a small river, down, down, several miles below. After walking on, gradually descending, for about a quarter of an hour, the traveller saw a finger-post, where the road divided. "To East Greys," said one limb. "To Northferry," said the other; and he took the latter path.

Two or three minutes after, he overtook an old man in very ragged robes. His face

was both yellow and dirty, like a copper pot which had been used several times. In his hand he carried an old kettle without a spout, filled with charcoal, and under his arm a basket and a pair of bellows. He seemed very poor.

"Won't you give a poor man something to help him on?" he said, in a cracked voice, as the traveller turned round and looked at him.

"My good friend, I am nearly as poor as yourself," replied the other; "however, there is sixpence for you.

> 'For the poor man alone,
> To the poor man's moan,
> Of his morsel a morsel will give, well a'day!'"

The travelling tinker took the money, and put it in his pocket, saying, "Thank you, sir. Do you know where a man could get something to eat, and a pint of beer?"

"No, indeed," answered the other; "I do not know this side of the hills at all; and was just going to ask you the same question you have put to me. I want very much to find some place where I can get food and drink,

for I am very hungry; and information, for I have several questions to ask."

The tinker winked his eye; and, with his peculiar intonation, which from cold, or crying for half a century, "Old pots to mend!" was half a whisper, and half a scream, he said, "I think I know where we can find all, if you are not afraid to come with me."

"Why should I be afraid?" asked the other. "I have very little to lose but my skin, and it is not worth taking."

"I don't know that," said the tinker. "It would do finely to mend my bellusses. But, come along; your skin shall be quite safe, and all the rest too. You shall have your sixpenn'orth, for giving the sixpence kindly."

The traveller walked on with him without deliberation, saying, "You are going to a party of your own people, I suppose?"

"Ay," answered the other; "there are two or three of our families down here—some of the best of them; Stanleys, and others. They can't be far; somewhere out of the way of the wind."

With a few short sentences of this sort they went on for a mile and a half further,

and wound in amongst the woods and sandy lanes, which now took place of the downs and chalk hills. Presently, the old man pointed with his free hand, saying, "They are down there."

"You must have known that before," said his companion.

"Not I," rejoined the tinker. "I can see things that you cannot."

In five minutes more Chandos was seated near the entrance of a gipsey-tent, with his comrade of the way by his side; about a dozen yellow people, of all ages, around; and a wild shaggy horse or two cropping the scanty grass hard by. They were a set of people he made himself at home amongst in a moment; and his introduction by the tinker was quite sufficient to obtain for him a supply of provisions, better than what his sixpence would have procured in any other place, and more than double in quantity. There was one good-looking comely dame, of about six-and-twenty, who seemed to regard him with peculiar interest, and took care to see that his wants were attended to liberally, both with meat and drink. But the curse of all

small communities, curiosity, was upon them; and every one asked him, instead of answering his questions. Where he came from, whither he was going, what was his business, what the object of his journey, was all inquired into without the least ceremony. His answers were cheerfully given, to all appearance. He told them, that he had come from a good distance, that he was going to Northferry, and that he was about to seek the place of head-gardener at the house of Mr. Arthur Tracy."

"Oh, it is a beautiful place, surely," answered the brown lady, who took so much care of him, and sat on his left hand.

"And a capital farm-yard there is," rejoined a stout merry young vagabond just opposite. "Such hens and turkeys, my eye!"

"I shall have nothing to do with the farm-yard," answered Chandos, with a smile and a nod; which the other understood right well, and laughed at in return.

"And so you are a gardener," whispered the woman, while the rest were talking loud. "I've a notion you have had other trades in your day."

"I never was of any other trade in my life," answered Chandos, boldly. The woman looked at him through her half-closed eyes for a moment, and then shook her head.

"Are you fondest of roses or lilies?" she asked in the same tone. "Lilies, I should think, by the colour of your hands."

"There you are mistaken," said Chandos; "I prefer roses, much. But tell me what you know of the place. Are they good, kind people there?"

"Oh, yes!—Two queer coves are the old men; (Did you never see them?) but good enough for that matter," was the brown lady's reply. "They are not over fond of persecuting, and such things. And then, the two girls are well enough to look at. The eldest seems cold and proud, and I dare say she is; but she gave little Tim there a shilling one day. She didn't know he was a gipsey, as they call us, because he's so white; or she wouldn't, I dare say. But I can tell you what, my lad: if you do not understand your gardener's trade well, I'd advise you not to go there; for the old Squire knows every flower in the garden, they tell me, by its christened name."

Chandos laughed, and saying, "He won't puzzle me, I think," rose from the turf. "I must go," he continued; "for you say it is three miles yet, and I havn't time to spare."

To say the truth, he did not feel quite sure that he would be permitted to depart so easily; for it was very evident to him, that one at least of the party had found out that his profession of gardener was assumed for the nonce; and he might well fancy that she suspected him of having more money on his person than he really had. No opposition was made, however; and the old tinker, who seemed to be a man of consideration with his clan, sent one of the boys to show the traveller on his way to a finger-post, which would direct him further.

The real distance in a straight line was not, in fact, more than two miles; but the various turnings and windings which the road took rendered it little less than the woman had said; and it was about ten o'clock when he reached the back door of North-ferry House, and stating his object, asked for admission. The butler brought him into the

hall, and went, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, to ask if his master would see the applicant. While he stood there, he gazed around with some interest on the wide vestibule, the broad stone stairs, the handsome marble columns, and the view through a pair of glass doors into the garden beyond; but, whether he admired or not, his contemplations were soon interrupted. The door of the breakfast-room opened again, and while the butler held it back, two beautiful girls came out, laughing gaily. There was a column in the way, which made them separate, and the younger took the side of the hall, where he was standing. Her eyes fell upon him, rested on his face, as if spell-bound, and then her cheek turned first pale and next red. She passed on in haste; but Chandos could see that she lingered behind her sister on the stairs, and walked with her eyes bent down in deep thought. He saw it with a faint smile.

"Come with me, master," said the butler, as soon as he had closed the door; "Mr. Tracy will see you in a minute."

It was a large, fine room, into which Chandos was led, supported by six marble columns

like those in the hall. On three sides there were books; on one, three windows down to the ground. And having been introduced, he was left there to follow his own devices. His first impulse was, to throw himself into a large easy chair; but then, recollecting that was not exactly a gardener's place, and that it was a gardener's place he was seeking, he rose up again, and walked to the window, out of which he looked for about three minutes. That was all very well, if he had remained there; for the windows fronted the gardens, and he might be supposed to be contemplating the scene of his expected labours. But Mr. Tracy did not appear very soon; the time grew tedious; and once more forgetting what he was about, Chandos walked up to one of the bookcases, and took out a large folio book, in a vellum cover. He first looked at the title-page, where, printed in all the luxury of amateur typography, stood the words —"Villa Bromhamensis." He had never heard of the Villa Bromhamensis; and turning over the leaves, he began to read some very fair Latin verses, descriptive of the country-seat of a noble family now, I believe, extinct

While he was thus engaged, the door opened behind him. He was not too deeply interested not to hear it, and recalled to himself in a moment, he was hurrying to put the book back in its place, with an air of some confusion, when the bland voice of Mr. Tracy stopped him, saying, "What have you got there, my good man? Do not be alarmed, I like that people should take every opportunity of instructing themselves; but I should wish to see the subject of your studies."

Chandos gave up the book into his hands, with a low bow, and some doubt as to the result of the investigation; but he was not altogether without ready wit, and when Mr. Tracy exclaimed, with some surprise, "Latin! Do you read Latin?" he answered, "Certainly, sir. How should I know my business else, when so many books are written upon it in Latin?"

"True, true," said Mr. Tracy, whose humour, by a lucky accident, was exactly fitted by such a reply; and at the same time, he looked the soi-disant gardener over, from head to foot. "You have made a good

choice, too," he added; "for my old friend here, has given a very pretty description of a very nice place."

"This, I should think, had the advantage, in point of ground, sir," replied Chandos, in a well-chosen tone, neither too humble nor too elevated: "as that young plantation grows up, to cover the bare hill side, it will be very beautiful."

"I planted those trees five years ago, many of them with my own hands," said Mr. Tracy, with pride in his own work, which he feared might appear too plainly. "It is not very well done. You see, those larches in another year, will hide that beautiful bit of distance."

"One can never tell, sir, how trees will grow up," answered Chandos, who was now completely in his part; "but that will be easily mended. Cut the back trees down that stand highest; and if you want to thicken the belt below, plant it up with a few quick-growing pines. You can move them at almost any age, so as to have it done without anybody knowing it, except by seeing the hills again."

"You seem to be a young man of very good taste," said Mr. Tracy; "but come out with me, and we will see more clearly what you mean." He opened the library window as he spoke, and they walked forth over the lawn. Mr. Tracy asked many questions as they went, cross-examined the applicant upon botany, and upon the more minute and practical part of his art; found him at least theoretically proficient, and ended by fearing that, notwithstanding his homely dress, he would prove too complete a gardener for the wages which he intended to give. It was a delicate point; for Mr. Tracy had a fondness for money. He was not a miser, far from it; he was not even one of those men—they are almost always vulgar men, in mind, if not in station—who love an economical ostentation, who are lavish for show, and stingy in secret. But there are a thousand shades in the passion of avarice, as well as in every other, from the reasonable, the just, and the wise, to the senseless self-abandonment to an all-consuming desire. Mr. Tracy had in his life known what it is to need money; he had felt in youth the pressure, not of actual want,

but of straitened circumstances; and when his maternal uncle's death put him in possession of a fortune, greatly superior to his elder brother's, he retained a strong sense of the value of money, and a passion for rapidly acquiring more.

"Well, my good friend," he said, as they approached the house again, "I am quite satisfied with your knowledge and experience in these matters; and, I dare say, you have got testimonials of your character; but I fear that you have imagined the place you are now applying for to be better than it really is. It is merely that of head-gardener, in the service of a gentleman of very moderate fortune. You would have an under-gardener, and three labourers to assist; but your own wages would not be so large as, perhaps, your acquirements may entitle you."

Chandos replied, that whatever had been given to his predecessor would content him; and produced a letter from Mr. Roberts, the steward of Sir John Winslow, giving a high testimony to his general conduct, and to his skill as a practical gardener. All was then

soon arranged; Mr. Tracy was anxious that his new servant should enter upon his duties as soon as possible, for the predecessor had been dead some weeks; but Chandos claimed four days for preparation, and made one or two conditions; and having been shown the cottage which he was to inhabit, took his leave, with the contract complete.

It was done; the plan he had proposed to himself was so far executed: and when, after quitting Northferry, he sat down in a small solitary room of a little road-side inn, he began to laugh, and reconsider the whole with calmer, and less impassioned thoughts, than he had previously given to the subject. How different a thing looks when it is done, and when it is doing! As soon as Fate buys a picture from any man, she turns it with its face to the wall, and its back to the seller, writes INEVITABLE upon it, with a piece of black chalk; and the poor fool can never have the same view of it again.

Chandos was a gardener—a hired servant—in that balanced state where thirty shillings a week is thrown into the scale against slavery, just to prevent freedom from kicking

the beam. A great many things had entered into the concoction of the notable scheme which he had pursued. There was the first vehement impulse of a noble but impetuous disposition; a good deal of pride, a little philosophy, and a touch of romance. He had determined to taste for a while the food of an inferior station, to know feelingly how the lowly earn their bread, and spend their lives; to see the things of humble condition not with a telescope from a height, but with the eye close to the object, and with a microscope, should need be. He had long been of opinion that it would be no misuse of time, were every young man even of much higher rank and pretensions than his own, to spend a year or more amongst the labouring classes of society, taking part in their toils, sharing their privations, learning in the school of experience their habits, wants, wishes, feelings. Our ancestors used to send their children out to a healthy cottage to nurse during their infancy, and, in many cases, (not all,) ensured thereby to their offspring robust and hardy constitutions, which could not have been gained in the luxurious dwellings of the

great and high. Chandos had fancied often that such training might be as good for the mind as the body, had longed to try it, had thought it would do him good, especially when he found false views and cold conventionalities creep upon him, when he felt his judgment getting warped to the set forms of class, and his tastes becoming fastidious. Accident had fixed his resolution, and accident had given the direction in which it acted. But there were difficulties, inconveniences, regrets, which he had not thought of. We never embrace a new state without remembering with longing some of the advantages of the old one. He thought of being cut off from all refined society, with sensations not pleasurable; he thought of being discovered by old acquaintances with some sort of apprehension. But then he remembered that he was little likely to be brought into immediate contact with any of the great and high. He repeated to himself that no one had a right to question his conduct, or control his tastes. And in regard to refined occupations, to relieve the monotony of manual labour, had he not books? could he not converse with the

dead? Besides, he had made one stipulation with Mr. Tracy — well nigh the only one—that he should have a month's holiday in the dead time of the year—to see his friends; such was the motive assigned. But Chandos' purpose was to spend that month in London; to re-appear for that period in his real character; to renew in it all those ties that were worth maintaining, and to enjoy the contrasts of a double life, combining the two extremes of society. His means might be small, but for that purpose they were quite sufficient; and with these consolatory reflections he finished his humble meal, and set out upon his way again.

He did not pursue the same way back which he had taken to come to Northferry, for he was anxious to save time; and he had learned at the public-house that there was a coach which passed upon the high-road at about two miles distance, which would spare him a walk of ten miles, and do in one hour what would take him two. He wound on then along lanes, through which he had been directed for about ten minutes, and was still buried in reveries, not altogether sweet, when

he was suddenly roused by a loud and piercing shriek. There was a break in the hedge about fifty yards distant, showing, evidently, by the worn sandy ground before it, the opening of a foot-path. The sound came from that side, and Chandos darted towards it without further consideration.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a narrow broken path up the bank. There was a high stile at the top. But Chandos was up the one and over the other in a moment. He did not like to hear a scream at all, and still less a scream from a woman's lips. When he could see into the field, a sight presented itself not altogether uncommon in England, where we seldom, if ever, guard against an evil till it is done, and never take warning by an evil that is done. More than twelve years ago, a pamphlet was printed, called, "What will the Government do with the Railroads?"—and in it was detailed very many of the evils which a prudent and scientific man could foresee, from suffering railways to proceed unregulated. It was

sent, I believe, by the author to a friend who undertook to answer it. The answer consisted of two or three sheets of paper, folded as a book, and bearing on each page the word "Nothing." The answer was quite right. Government did *nothing*—till it was too late.

People never tether dangerous bulls till they have killed some one; and when Chandos entered the field, the first sight that met his eyes was a tall, powerful old man on the ground, and two young and graceful women at some distance: one still flying fast towards a gate, under the first strong irresistible impulse of terror; the other, stopping to gaze back, and wringing her hands in agony. Close by the old man was an enormous brindled bull, with short horns, which was running slowly back, with its eyes fixed upon the prostrate figure before it, as if to make another rush at him as he lay; and at a short distance from the bull was a ragged little boy, of some eight or nine years old, who, with the spirit of a hero, was running straight towards the furious beast, shouting loudly, in the vain hope, apparently, that his infant voice would terrify the tyrant of the field.

Luckily, Chandos had a stout sapling oak in his hand; and he, too, sprang forward with the swift fire of youth. But before he could reach the spot, the bull, attracted by the vociferations of the boy, turned upon his little assailant, and with a fearful rush caught him on his horns, and tossed him high into the air. The next moment, however, Chandos was upon him. He was young, active, tremendously powerful, and, though not quite equal in strength to bull-bearing Milo, was no insignificant antagonist. He had a greater advantage still, however. He had been accustomed to country life from his early youth, and knew the habits of every beast of the field. The bull, in attacking the boy, had turned away from both the old man and Chandos, and, with a bound forward, the latter seized the savage animal by the tail, striking it furiously with his stick. The bull at first strove to turn upon him, or to disengage himself; but Chandos held on with a grasp of iron, though swung round and round by the efforts of his antagonist; and all the time he thundered blows upon it as thick as hail; now upon its side, now upon its head, but oftener upon its legs; and still

he shouted—as, in the desperate conflict, his eyes passed over the figures of the two ladies, or the old man, who was now rising slowly from the ground—"Run! run!"

How the combat was to end for himself, of course he knew not; for, though staggering, and evidently intimidated by so sudden an attack, the bull was still strong and furious; but Chandos had all his senses in full activity, and when, after several fierce plunges to escape, the animal again swung itself round to reach him, he aimed a tremendous blow with his full force at the fore-knee, on which its whole weight rested. The leg gave way under the pain, and the monstrous beast rolled prostrate on the ground.

Not a minute was to be lost: the bull was struggling up again; but the instinct of self-preservation is strong, and in a moment Chandos drew a knife from his pocket, and cut a sinew of the leg—although it was with pain and a feeling almost of remorse that he did it. The animal gave a sort of shrill scream, and instantly rolled over on its side again.

"There, that is done," said the young

man, speaking to himself; and then running up to the old gentleman, he inquired, "Are you hurt, sir?—Are you much hurt?"

"A little—not much," said General Tracy; "but the boy—the boy! You are a gallant fellow, upon my life; but so is that poor boy."

The General received no reply, for Chandos was already by the side of the boy. He gazed into his face as the little fellow lay upon his back motionless. The dark hazel eyes were clear and bright, and the complexion, bronzed with exposure, still showed a good ruddy glow in the middle of the cheek.

"He cannot be much hurt," thought Chandos, as he bent earnestly over him; "there is none of the paleness of bodily suffering; and, thank God! the after-crop of grass is long and thick. Well, my boy," he continued aloud, "what has the bull done to you?"

"Given me a skylarking," answered the boy, in a good strong voice.

"But has he hurt you anywhere?" asked Chandos; while General Tracy moved slowly

up, and the two young ladies stood, trembling and out of breath, at a distance.

"No," said the little fellow; "he did'nt poke me; he guv me a thump under the arm, and I went over his head."

"But why do you not get up then," inquired Chandos.

"Because it is comfortable to lie here; and because, when I try to get up, my shoulder twinges," was the boy's answer.

"Let me look," said Chandos; and turning him upon his side, he pulled down the collar of the ragged jacket, when he evidently saw a protuberance which was never put upon any mortal shoulder by nature. It was dislocated. The grief of General Tracy was great for the poor boy's misfortune, incurred in his defence; but he gave it no exuberant expression.

"You are a good boy," he said; "a very good boy; and you shall be rewarded. Your shoulder will soon be well, and I will take care of you. Who are your father and mother? We must send and let them know;" and as he spoke, he looked round towards the bull, who, with a true philosophical

spirit, seemed, by this time, to have made up his mind to his fate, and was lying quite still, with his fore quarters in the natural position of a bull at rest, and his hind quarters thrown over on one side, not altogether easy. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth, too.

"My mother is Sally Stanley," answered the boy; "and who my father is I don't know."

"Right," said the General, laconically; "right, to a proverb."

"Did not I see you with the gipseys this morning?" inquired Chandos. "Are you not little Tim?"

"Yes," answered the gipsey boy; and the moment after he added, "there comes farmer Thorpe. He'll be precious angry with you for hocking his bull."

"Then you are not the owner of the bull?" said General Tracy, turning quickly to Chandos.

"Oh, no, sir," answered the other; "I was only passing by chance, and heard a lady scream, which made me run to give help. I have just been engaged as head-gardener to Mr. Arthur Tracy."

"He should have engaged you as bull-driver," said the General, "as bull-fighter, as *matador*."

"Perhaps he may not have much work in that way, sir," answered Chandos; and was about to retire; but the General exclaimed, "Stay, stay! What can we do with this poor lad? He is a fine fellow. I must take care of him for life; for I rather think he has saved mine at the risk of his own. I wish we could get him down to my brother's place; for we must have his shoulder looked to, in the first instance."

At that moment, a stout, black-browed, middle-aged man came across the field, looked down at the bull for a moment, and then advanced, with a sturdy and determined look, to General Tracy and Chandos, without saying a word till he was close to them, when he exclaimed, with a very menacing air, "Holla, sirs, what have you been doing with my bull?"

"What has your bull, if that one be yours, been doing with us? is the question which should be asked," replied General Tracy, turning sharp upon him; but wincing dread-

fully, as if the sudden movement gave him great pain.

"That's by the mark," answered the farmer, staring at the General first, and at Chandos afterwards; as if the spirit of his own bull had entered into him, and he was determined to toss them both. "He is a brute beast, and accountable to no un; but them as ha' hocked un are reasonable creeturs, and accountable to I. So, I say, what ha' you two been doing with my bull?"

"The first thing I did with him," answered Chandos, "was what I will do to you, if you are insolent, master farmer. I gave him a good thrashing. And in the next place, as there was no chance of saving my life, and that of others, from him, if I spared him, I was obliged to cut the tendon of his leg, in self-defence."

"Oh! you thrashed un, did you?" said the farmer, pulling off his coat; "and you'll thrash me, will you? Now, let's see."

"I insist upon nothing of this kind taking place," said General Tracy, seeing Chandos quietly deposit his stick on the grass. "Rose, my love, run by that gate, to the Plough

and Harrow public-house. The landlord is a constable. Tell him to come here. I intend to give this man into charge. I recollect hearing before of this bull being a dangerous animal, and of farmer Thorpe having been warned to take proper precautions. Be quick, Rose; for I will punish this man if I live."

"Oh, that's to be the way, is it?" said the rude farmer, in a tone not less insolent than ever; "if folks can't fight without constables for their bottle-holders, that's not my plan; but I can tell you one thing, old Tracy —for I know you well enough—I'll have the law of you for doing a mischief to my bull; and this fellow I'll thrash heartily the first time I can get him without a constable to back him. So, good day to you all, and be damned."

With this just, eloquent, and courteous speech farmer Thorpe resumed his coat, and returned to the side of his bull. While General Tracy remarked dryly to the two young ladies, who had now joined him, "We came out, my flowers, to see a specimen of the real English peasant, and we have found

one, though not a very favourable one, it must be confessed. But now, what is to be done with the poor boy. If I could but get him down to the house, we would send for old Andrew Woodyard, the surgeon."

"I'd rather go home to mother," said the boy; "she'll put my shoulder all right, in a minute."

"Your mother is no more capable of putting that shoulder right, than she is of flying through the air on a broomstick," replied the general.

"I will carry him down, sir," said Chandos; "I was going to catch the coach; but I must put off my journey till to-morrow, I suppose; for the poor lad must be attended to."

He accordingly lifted him up off the grass, and was about to carry him down to Northferry House, in his arms; but little Tim, though by the grimaces he made it was evident he suffered much pain, declared he would rather walk, saying, that it did not hurt him half so much as being "lugged along by any one." Chandos, who knew something of the habits of his people, exacted a solemn

promise from him, that he would not attempt to run away; and, in return, assured him that his mother should be sent for instantly. With this little Tim seemed satisfied; and as they walked along, the General entered into consultation with his nieces and Chandos, as to what was best to be done with the boy, on his arrival; for he suddenly remembered a very fierce and intractable prejudice which his brother had against all copper-coloured wanderers. "The boy might pass well enough," he said, "for he's as fair (very nearly) as an Englishman; but if his mother and all his anomalous kindred, are to come down and visit him, we shall have brother Arthur dying of gout in the stomach, as sure as if he ate two Cantalupe melons before going to bed."

It was finally settled, however, on the suggestion of Chandos, that little Tim should be taken down to the head-gardener's cottage, which was at some distance from the house, and he himself promised to remain there the night, till the injuries the boy had received could be properly attended to.

In the council of war, which ended in this

determination, it must be remarked that Rose Tracy took no part, though her sister Emily did. Rose said not one word, but came a little behind the rest, and more than once she looked at Chandos, with a long earnest gaze, then dropped into silent thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

About two o'clock in the day, Chandos sat in the cottage, which was destined to be his future abode for some time, with the gipsey-boy Tim seated on a chair beside him. The old General had gone up to the house to send off a servant to the village surgeon; and the two young ladies had accompanied their uncle, promising to dispatch the house-keeper immediately to aid Chandos in his task. The boy bore the pain, which he undoubtedly suffered, exceedingly well. He neither winced nor cried; but remained quite still in the chair, and only repeated, from time to time, that he should like to go to his mother. Chandos soothed and quieted him with great kindness,

and was in the midst of a story, which seemed completely to engage the little man's attention, when the door suddenly opened; and a tall, thin old man entered, whose whole dress and appearance, showed him at once to be an oddity. His head was covered with what much better deserved the name of a tile, than that which sometimes obtains it, in our good city of London. It was a hat with enormous brims, and the smallest possible portion of crown, so that it was almost self-evident that the organs of hope and veneration, if the old gentleman had any, must be somewhat pressed upon by the top of the shallow box into which he put them. From underneath the shelter of this wide-spreading beaver, floated away a thin wavy pigtail of white hair, bound with black ribbon, which, as all things have their prejudices, had a decided leaning to his left shoulder in preference to his right. He had on a coat of black, large, easy, and wrinkled, but spotless and glossy, showing that its original conception must have been vast, and that the disproportion between its extent, and the meagre limbs it covered, was

not occasioned by those limbs having shrunk away from the garment, with which they were endued. The breeches fitted better; and, indeed, in some parts must have been positively tight; for a long line of snow-white cambric purfled up, like the slashings of a Spanish sleeve, which appeared between the top of the breeches and the remote silk waistcoat, showed that the covering of his nether man maintained itself in position by the grasp of the waistband round his loins. An Alderney cow can never be considered perfect, unless the herd can hang his hat on her haunch-bone, while he makes love to Molly, milking her; and the haunch-bones of worthy Mr. Alexander Woodyard, Surgeon, &c. were as favourable to the sustentation of his culottes, without the aid of other suspenders. Waistcoat and breeches were both black; and so, also, were the stockings and the shoes, of course. These shoes were tied with a string, which was inharmonious; for the composition of the whole man denoted buckles. Round his neck, without the slightest appearance of collar, was wound tight, a snowy white handkerchief of

Indian muslin. In fact, with the exception of his face and hands, the whole colouring of Sandy Woodyard, as the people improperly called him, was either black or white. His face, though thin and sharp as a ferret's, was somewhat rubicund. Indeed, if any blood ever got up there, it could not well get out again, with that neckcloth tied round his throat, like a turniquet: and the hands themselves were also reddish; but by no means fat, showing large blue veins, standing out, like whipcord in a tangle.

To gaze upon him, he was a very awful looking person; to hear him talk, one would have supposed him an embodied storm; so fierce were his denunciations, so brutal his objurgations. But he had several good qualities, with a few bad ones. He was an exceedingly good surgeon, a very learned man, and the most sincere man upon earth—except when he was abusing a patient or a friend, to their face. Then, indeed, he said a great deal that he did not mean; for he often told the former, when refractory, that they would die and he hoped they would, when he knew they would not, and would have

given his right-hand to save them; and, the latter, he not unfrequently called fools and blackguards, where, if they had been the one or the other, they would not have been his friends at all.

When Mr. Andrew Woodyard entered the room, in the head gardener's cottage, he gazed, first at the boy, and then at Chandos, demanding, in a most irate tone, "What the devil have I been sent here for?—Who is ill?—What's the matter, that I should be disturbed in the very midst of the dissection of a field-mouse in a state of torpidity?"

"If you are the surgeon, sir," replied Chandos, "I suppose it was to see this little boy that you were disturbed. He has ——"

"Don't tell me what he has," replied Mr. Woodyard. "Do you suppose I don't know what he has better than you. Boy, put out your tongue.—Does your head ache?—Let me feel your pulse."

The boy did not seem to comprehend him at all; neither put out his tongue, nor his wrist, and gazed at the old man with big eyes, full of terror.

"There, don't be a fool, little man," said

the surgeon, taking him by the arm, and making him shrink with pain. "Oh, oh! that's it, is it? So, you have luxated your shoulder. We'll soon put it in, my dear. Don't be afraid! You are a brave boy, I dare say."

"That he is," answered Chandos; "for it was in endeavouring to defend General Tracy from a bull, which had knocked him down, that he got tossed and hurt."

"Plague light upon that old fool!" cried the uncourteous doctor; "he's always getting himself, or some one else, into a scrape. It is just two years ago I had to cut four holes in his leg, where he had been bit by a mad dog, because he was as mad as the dog himself, and insisted that the beast was quite sane, contrary to the opinion of the whole village. When doggy bit his best friend, however, he became convinced he was mad—though, if biting one's friends were a sign of madness, we should have to cage the whole world. I had my revenge, however, for I cut away deep enough—deep enough, till the old fool writhed. He would'nt roar, as I wished; but never a bullet went into his old carcase,

(nor ever will,) that made a larger hole than either of the four that I made.—And now he has had to do with a mad bull! I will answer for it, he went up and patted its head, and called it a curly-pated old coxcomb—Didn't he, boy?"

"No," replied little Tim, boldly, "he did'nt. He knocked at farmer Thorpe's big bull with his stick, when it ran after the ladies; and the bull poked him down; for it did not get him on his horns, like it did me.'

"That's a good boy—that's a good boy," replied the old man; "always tell the truth, whoever says the contrary. Now, master what's your name, we'll have his jacket off; for, though there seems but little of it, still it may be in the way. You look strong enough, and can help, I dare say; though I don't know who the devil you are—but mind, you must do exactly what I tell you, neither more nor less. If you do, I'll break your head, and not mend it. Put your arms round the boy's waist."

Chandos did as he was directed, after having taken the little fellow's jacket off; and the worthy surgeon then proceeded to replace

the dislocated arm in the socket, an operation which required more corporal strength than his spare frame seemed to promise. He effected it skillfully and powerfully, however, giving the poor boy as little pain as possible; but, nevertheless, making him cry out lustily.

"Ay, that's right; roar!" cried the doctor. "That's the very best thing you can do. It eases the diaphragm, my lad, and keeps the lungs in play. I never saw any good come of a silent patient, who lets you cut him up without saying a word. They all die; but your roarer is sure to get well. There—there, it's in! Now, give me that bandage, my man; we must keep it down tight, for the muscles have had an awful wrench. It's all over, my dear—it's quite done, and you shall have a shilling for bellowing so handsomely. You're a good little man for not kicking me in the stomach, as a great lubber once did, who should have known better. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, quite comfortable since it went *snack*," answered the boy.

The old gentleman laughed, saying, "Ay, '*snack*' is a pleasant sound in a case of dis-

location. You see it is when the round end of the bone ——;" and he was going on to explain to Tim and Chandos the whole process and causes of going '*snack*,' which is very different, it would seem, in the plural and singular number, when a voice was heard without, exclaiming "Where's my boy?—What has happened to my boy?" and the gipsey woman who had sat next to Chandos when he was at the encampment in the lane rushed in, with her glittering black eyes flashing like stars with excitement and agitation. "Where's my boy?" she screamed again, before she had time to look around; and then, seeing the little fellow in the chair, she exclaimed, "Oh, Tim, what are they doing to you?" and was running forward to catch him to her heart, when Mr. Woodyard waved her back with his left hand, while he held the last fold of the bandage with his right. "Keep back, you tawny baggage," he cried, "If you come near him till I've done, I'll bruise you. Sit still, you little infernal bit of Egypt, or I'll strangle you with the end of this thing. Hold him tight, young man, or he'll have the joint out again, by ——!" And the

old gentleman, who had been a naval surgeon in his day, added a very fierce nautical oath: one of those which were unfortunately current in all mouths on board ships of war in his youthful years.

The gipsey woman stopped at once, and made a sign to the boy, who was instantly as still as a ruin; but the old surgeon continued to abuse her most atrociously, till he had finished bandaging the arm, calling her every bad name that a fertile imagination and a copious vocabulary could supply. It is wonderful, however, how quick is sometimes the conception of character amongst the lower classes, especially those who are subject to any kind of persecution. The poor woman stood perfectly calm; a faint smile crossed her lip at the old man's terrible abuse, as if a feeling of amusement at his affected violence crossed the deeper emotions which filled her large black eyes with tears. She said not a word in reply; she showed no sign of anger; and when at length all was done, and, patting the boy's head with his broad skinny hand, Mr. Woodyard said, in another voice, "There, you little dog, you

may go to your mammy now," she started forward, and kissed the surgeon's hand—even before she embraced her child. She had understood him in a moment.

A short time was passed by mother and son in tenderness, wild and strange, but striking; she kissed his eyes and his lips, and held him first at a distance, then close to her hear; she put her hands upon his curly head, and raised her look upwards, where hope and thankfulness seek heaven. Then she asked all that had happened; and with simple prattle the boy told her how he had seen the bull attack the old General, and had run to frightenit. And the woman laughed and cried at her child's courage and his folly. But when he went on to say—after relating how he had found himself flying in the air,—"Then that man came up, and caught him by the tail, and whacked him till he tumbled down," she turned to Chandos, and kissed his hand too.

"But the best of it all, mammy," cried the boy, who entered into the spirit of his own story, "was when farmer Thorpe came up, and bullied the two men as they were looking at me; and how that one told him he would

whack him as he had whacked the bull, if he did not cut his quids."

"So farmer Thorpe bullied, did he?" cried the woman. "He's a tiger: but snakes even bite tigers." And she added something in a low voice, which sounded to Chandos's ear, "Let him look to his farm-yard."

Certain it is that the next night passed distressfully to the poultry of farmer Thorpe. When he looked in the morning, where many a turkey had been fattening for Christmas, and capons and fowls strutted proud, he found feathers but not fowls. The geese, indeed, were spared, heaven only knows why; but from the imperial black bubblyjock down to Dame Partlet's youngest daughter, all the rest were gone. Yet there was a large fierce dog in the yard, as fierce as his master or his master's bull. There are, however, always in this world *moyens de parvenir;* and the fierce dog was found to have made himself very comfortable during the cold wintry night with feathers which must have been plucked off his tender flock under his nose. What a picture of

"A faithless guardian of a charge too good!"

However, putting the morality of the thing out of the question, the fact is curious, as the first recorded instance of a dog using a feather-bed.

The whole of the last paragraph is a huge parenthesis; and as it is not easy to get back again after such an inordinate digression without a jump or an hiatus, we will take the latter, and end the chapter here.

CHAPTER IX.

"THERE now, my good woman, you have hugged the boy enough," said Mr. Woodyard; "you have kissed my hand, and the young man's; and the next thing is to put the child to bed, and keep him there for the next three days. I will see that he is taken care of; but mind you don't give him any of your neighbours hens, or hares, or partridges; not because he or his stomach would care a straw whether they were stolen or not; but because he must not eat animal food, however it is come by."

"Mayn't I take him up to my own people?" asked the woman, with an anxious look.

"Why! you lawless baggage, would you kill the child?" exclaimed the surgeon,

fiercely. "I tell you that he has been tossed by a bull, had a severe shock to his whole system, has got his shoulder dislocated, requires perfect quiet and careful attendance, cool food, and an equable temperature, to prevent inflammation; and you talk of taking him up to a set of jolly beggars, in rotten tents, to sleep upon the ground, drink gin, and be stuffed with stolen poultry. You must be mad to think of such a thing; or not his mother at all; which I have a notion is the case, for he's as white as you are dingy."

The woman looked at him gravely for a moment, and shook her head with a gesture of deep feeling, saying, as she laid her hand upon her heart, "It matters little what you think; I feel that I am his mother. But will the gentlefolks let him bide here?"

"Here come some of them, and they can answer for themselves," answered the surgeon, pointing to the cottage window, before which General Tracy and his eldest niece were passing, on their way to the door.

"Well, Doctor, what is the state of the case?" asked the old officer, as he came in; "how is the poor boy?"

"A dislocated shoulder and a good shake," replied the surgeon, abruptly; "only a proper punishment for a mite like that trying to frighten a bull from goring an obstinate old man, who will go through a field where an animal known to be vicious is roaming at large. I hope, with all my heart, that some of your bones are broken."

"Your hopes are vain, Doctor," said Walter Tracy: "all my bones are as sound as ever they were: only a little soreness of my back, where the cursed beast struck me."

"Ay, you will have lumbar abscess," said the surgeon; "and a good thing too. But the imp must be put to bed. Here is his yellow-faced mother wants to carry him off to her filthy tents, where he would be dead in three days."

"That must not be," said General Tracy. "So you are his mother, my good woman. I am glad you have come down, for I want to speak with you."

"Let the boy be put to bed first, before you begin gossipping," cried Mr. Woodyard; "you can say all you have to say after.

Here, young man, take his things off; though there is not much to take. His trousers and shoes are all that is needful; for as to a shirt, there is none to dispose of."

"Well, what of that?" cried the gipsey woman, sharply. "I suppose you had not a shirt on when you were born."

"No, indeed," answered Mr. Woodyard, gravely. "What you say is very true. Naked we came into the world, and naked shall we go out of it; so that it does not much matter whether we have shirts on while we are here or not. Nevertheless, I will send him up something of the kind from our school in the village; for I have somehow a notion, perhaps erroneous, that he will be more comfortable when he has got some clean calico about him."

"I don't think it," replied his mother; "he never had such a thing in his life."

"Well, we'll try it, at all events," returned Mr. Woodyard. "But now let us have quiet, and obey orders."

The boy was accordingly undressed, and placed in the gardener's bed; and then, while the surgeon looked him all over, to ascertain

that there was no other injury, General Tracy took the gipsey woman to the door of the cottage, and spoke to her for several minutes in a low tone. His words brought the tears into her eyes, and the nature of them may be derived from her reply.

"God bless you, gentleman," she said. "I dare say, to be rich, and well brought up, and sleep in houses, and all that, is very nice when one is accustomed to it, and better than our way of doing; but for my part I should not half like it for myself. It is very kind of you, however; and as to the boy, I suppose it is for his good. But I can't part with him altogether. I must see him when I like. And if after he has tried both, he likes our sort of life better than yours, he must come away with me."

"Let him give it a fair trial, though," said General Tracy. "He is a brave little fellow, with a heart like a lion. I look upon it that in reality he saved my life; for if the bull had not run at him, it would have gored me as I lay; and therefore I wish to do for him what I can. He shall have a fair education, if you leave him with me; and I will at once

settle upon him what will put him above want. Of course, I never think of preventing you fromseeing your own child; but you must promise me not to try to persuade him that your wandering life is better than that which he will have an opportunity of following. Deal fairly with the boy; let him judge for himself, and pursue his own inclinations."

"That I will promise," answered the woman, in a decided tone; "for what will make him happiest, will make me happiest."

"Then go at once and talk to his father about it," continued General Tracy; "let him promise the same thing, and all the rest will soon be settled."

"His father!" said the woman, with a sad and bitter laugh. "I wonder where I should find his father? No, no, gentleman, there is no one to be talked to about it but myself, Sally Stanley. He has never known what it is to have a father, and his mother has been all to him."

When, after a few more words, they went back into the cottage again, they found Emily Tracy sitting by the boy's bedside, and holding his hand in her's, with the little face

turned sparkling up to her beautiful countenance, while with a smile at his eagerness she told him some childish story, to engage his attention during the time that Mr. Woodyard was employed in examining his spine. The gipsey woman gazed at the two for a moment in silence; then, creeping up to the young lady's side, she knelt down, and, with her favourite mode of expressing thankfulness, kissed her hand. "I am sorry I said what I did this morning," she whispered. "May God avert it!"

Emily started, and gazed on her earnestly. She had not suffered the woman's angry words of the morning to weigh upon her mind in the least. She had regarded them merely as a burst of impotent rage, and never fancied that Sally Stanley had attached any importance to them herself. But what she now said had a totally different effect. Emily saw by her look and manner that the woman really believed in the dark prophecy she had uttered; and there is something in strong conviction which carries weight with it to others, as well as to those who feel it. Emily was troubled, and for an instant did

not reply. At length she said, sweetly, "Never mind, my good woman. Forget it, as I shall do. But do not give way to anger again towards those who have no intention of offending you. I trust your little boy will soon be well; and I am sure my uncle will reward him for so bravely seeking to defend him at the risk of his own life."

"God bless you, and him too!" said the gipsey woman. "There is no fear of my boy. He will do well enough. I knew he would meet with some harm when he went out in the morning; but I knew too that it would not be death, and would end in his good. So I only warned him to be careful, and let him go."

All the woman's words were painful to Emily Tracy; for there is a germ of superstition in every heart; and, in spite of good sense and every effort of reason, a dull sort of apprehension sprang up in her bosom regarding the bitter announcement which had been made as to her future fate. Its very improbability—its want of all likelihood in her station and position, seemed but to render more strange the woman's evident belief that such

an event as her marriage with a felon would actually take place. That the very idea should enter into her mind had something of the marvellous in it, and easily excited those feelings of wonder which are strongly akin to superstition.

Emily did not like to let her thoughts dwell upon the subject; and after telling her tale out to the boy, and making some arrangements with the housekeeper, who came down at the moment, so as to ensure that the little fellow should have the attendance of some woman, she thanked Chandos in graceful terms for the gallant assistance he had rendered in the morning, and proposed to her uncle that they should return home.

Emily remained grave and thoughtful, however, during the whole day, and Rose was also very much less gay than ordinary; so that when Mr. Tracy, who had been out all the morning on business, returned towards dinner time, he found the party who had left him a few hours before as cheerful as a mountain stream, more dull than perhaps he had ever seen it.

Before dinner but little time was given for

narrative, and at dinner a guest was added to the party who has been mentioned incidentally once before. This was the young clergyman of Northferry, a man of about eight and twenty years of age, but who had been the incumbent of the parish only three or four months. Mr. Fleming was always a welcome visitor at Mr. Tracy's house, it must be said to all parties. It was not indeed because he was Honourable as well as Reverend; but because few men were better calculated to win regard as well as esteem. Handsome in person, there was a sort of harmony in his calling, his manners, and his appearance, which was wonderfully pleasing. Mild and engaging in demeanour, he was cheerful, though not perhaps gay; never checking mirth in others, though giving but moderate way to it himself. Yet his conversation, though quiet and calm, was so rich with the stores of thought, that it was brilliant without effort, and light even in its seriousness. Perhaps no man was ever so well fitted for the profession which he had chosen; but I must not be mistaken, I mean well fitted both as regarded his own destiny

and that of others. In the first place he loved it, and in the next he estimated it justly. He was an aristocrat by family and by conviction; and he regarded an hierarchy in the church as the only means of maintaining order and discipline therein, of stimulating to high exertion every member, and checking every tendency to neglect or misconduct. He had not the slightest touch of the democratic tendencies usually attributed to what is called the low church, but yet he had neither pride with him nor ambition. He was perfectly contented with a small rectory of four hundred a year, with a congregation generally poor, and no prospect either of display or advancement. His private fortune was sufficient, not large; but it was enough with his stipend to maintain him in the rank in which he was born, and he asked no more. Had a bishopric been offered to him, he would certainly have refused it. In the next place he had little vanity, and detested eloquent sermons. He sought to convince and instruct, and he laboured night and day to qualify himself for those tasks; but his language was as simple as his

mind. If a figure would now and then find place, it was because it sprung naturally from a rich imagination, and was so clear, so forcible, so just, that, like the rest of his discourses, there was no mistaking in the least what he advanced. He never tried to enlist the fancy, and seldom to engage the feelings of his hearers on his side. The latter he regarded as engines, to be used only on great occasions, in order to carry convictions into active effect; and he spared them purposely, feeling that he had within the power of rousing them when it might be necessary, and could do so more surely by rousing them rarely. Then he was a charitable man in the enlarged, but not the licentious sense of the word. He had vast toleration for the opinions of others, though he was firm and stedfast in the support of his own. Thus anger at false views never even in the least degree came to diminish the efficacy of his support of just ones. He fearlessly stated, fearlessly defended his own principles, but never disputed, and was silent as soon as a quibble or a jest took the place of argument. There was moreover a truth, a sincerity, an

uprightness in his whole dealings and his whole demeanour, which had a powerful influence upon all who knew him. To every man but the most vain it became a natural question—"If one so vigorous in mind, so learned, and so wise, is thus deeply impressed with the truth of opinions different to my own, is there not good cause for re-examining the grounds of those I entertain?" And thus his arguments obtained more fair consideration than vanity generally allows to the views of those who oppose us.

Even General Tracy, who differed with him profoundly, always listened with respect, seldom indeed entered into discussion with him, and never disputed. Not that he altogether feared the combat, for such was not the case; nor that he was convinced entirely, for he still held out on many points; but because he was thoroughly impressed with a belief of his young friend's reasonable sincerity, and reverenced it. Besides, General Tracy was a gentleman; and no gentleman ever, without a worthy object, assails opinions which another is professionally bound to sustain.

Such was the guest then at Mr. Tracy's dinner table; and there, as soon as the first sharp edge of appetite was taken off, the adventures of the morning were once more spoken of, and General Tracy, in a strain half serious, half playful, recounted the dangers which he and his nieces had encountered. The young clergyman's eyes instantly sought the face of Emily Tracy with a look of anxiety. He did not look to Rose also, which was not altogether right perhaps; at all events, not altogether equitable, for both had run the same risk.

"Well," continued Walter Tracy, "Emily ran and Rose ran; but I thought it beyond the dignity of my profession to run before a single enemy, though he was defended by a hornwork—perhaps lumbago had to do with it as well as dignity, if the truth must be told. But our worthy friend soon applied a cataplasm to my lumbago more effectual than any of Sandy Woodyard's; for in two minutes I was sprawling. Master Bull then thought he might as well take room for a rush, and ran back five or six steps to gore me the more vigorously; when suddenly a new com-

batant appeared in the field, in the shape of a little urchin, not so high as my hip, who made at the enemy with all sorts of shrieks and screams, so that if the beast did not think it was the devil come to my rescue, I did. But the poor boy fared ill for his pains; for just as I was scrambling up, I saw something in the air, small and black, with a great many legs and arms flying about in all directions, just like a spider in a web between two cabbages; and down came the poor child, with a fall which I thought must have dashed his brains out."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Tracy, "was he hurt? Was he not killed?"

"Hurt, he certainly was," answered his brother; "and killed most likely, both he and I would have been, but—as in the story of Camaralzaman, which some heathen of the present day has changed into Kummer al Zemaun, or some other horrible name, violating all the associations of our childhood, the true temple of Cybele to the heart—no sooner was one army disposed of than another appeared. Up ran a man with a stick in his hand, a stout, tall, powerful

country fellow, in a fustian jacket; (Rose held down her head and smiled, without any one remarking her;) and, seizing our friend the bull by the tail, thrashed him for some five minutes in a most scientific manner. He must have been used to belabouring bulls all his life, like a Spanish *matador;* for nothing but long practice would have made him so proficient in an art not very easy to exercise. Rose, my flower, what are you laughing at?"

"I think it was enough to make any one laugh," answered Rose, "to see how foolish the representative of our nation looked while he was receiving such a cudgelling. I was too frightened to laugh then, my dear uncle; but here, by the side of this table, I can enjoy the joke at my ease."

"It was no joke then, indeed," said General Tracy; "for it was a matter of life and death between the brave lad and the bull. He had no resource in the end, however, but to hamstring him, which he also did most scientifically; and I believe that more than one of us has to thank him for being here at this moment. It turned out

that the man was your new gardener, Arthur; and we must really see what can be done for him. As to the gallant little gipsey boy, I I have taken care of him myself, and will provide for him."

This last announcement roused curiosity, and brought on explanations, in the course of which a good deal of what has been already told was detailed, with several other particulars which have not seemed necessary to relate.

"And did the woman really seem doubtful as to whether she should accept your offer or not?" asked Mr. Tracy.

"Yes, she did," replied his brother. "And I am not quite sure that she was not in the right. It is a very moot point with me, brother Arthur, whether civilization tends to the happiness of the individual, whatever it may do for society in general. When I offered what I did, I thought, not that I was doing the boy a favour, for a man never does another a favour; but that I was showing my gratitude for his self-devotion and the real service he had rendered me, when I proposed to put him in a position which I myself from

my prejudices valued; but when I came to consider the woman's doubts, I began to inquire, and to doubt also, whether he would be happier in the one state than the other."

"You proposed to give him a good education," said the young clergyman; "and if you did so, he would assuredly be happier; for he would be wiser and better."

"And yet, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,'" replied General Tracy.

"Ignorance of evil, granted," answered Fleming. "But could that be assured to him in the life he was likely to lead? Can it be assured to any man in any course? I think not."

"Perhaps not," answered Walter Tracy; "but yet I have many doubts, my young friend, whether the amount of evils of any kind is greater or less (to the individual) in a civilized or uncivilized state of society. These gipsies, were it not their misfortune to be placed amongst nations in a different condition to themselves, would be one of the happiest races on the face of the earth. Nomadic from their very origin, they would wander about hither and thither, feeding

their sheep, or their cattle, or their horses, and pilfering a little, I dare say, from their neighbours, if they had any; but where the rights of property are very ill defined, a little pilfering is not very evil in its consequences; and with a thin population there is no opportunity of carrying it on to a great extent. Besides, I believe, that almost all the bad qualities of the gipsey proceed from his position. His hand is against every man's, because every man's hand is against him. He is a wanderer amongst settled tribes; a stern adherer to his ancient forms, amongst a people whose only constancy is that of a cat to the house in which it is kittened; a despiser of the civilization which, as he has constant proof before his eyes, does not make those who are blessed (or cursed) with it a bit more wise, merry, or virtuous than himself. It is very natural, therefore, that he should despise the institutions and dislike the men, amongst whom he is so located only for a short time. For my part, I only think it wonderful, that these good people do not commit more crimes than they do; and that our purses and our lives are

not taken, instead of our poultry, and the lives of our ducks and geese. I begin almost to think it a sin and a shame to withdraw that bold boy from his freedom amongst hedges and ditches, to poke him into a dull, fusty school; and to cut him off from those blessings, of which he has learned the value and tasted the enjoyment."

Mr. Fleming smiled. "If the mother were really doubtful," he said, "it would be very easy for you, my dear sir, to remedy the error you regret. But I cannot help thinking, that for the sake of the jest, you are taking a much narrower view of such questions than your mind would otherwise lead you to. You seem, General, to consider the individual as only born for the individual. But let me ask you, Is he not placed here for much more than that? I would not push my notion, on the subject to any of the extreme lengths which some of the gentlemen who have called themselves philosophers have done. I do not look upon man merely as a part of a great machine, one of the wheels or pulleys, or cogs, of the instrument called society, and that he is bound to regulate all his thoughts,

feelings, and actions by one precise rule, for the benefit of the country in which he lives, or even for the more extended fellowship called society. There is a certain degree of individual liberty, surely, due to all men; and, to a certain point, they have a right to consult their own happiness, even by indulging their whims and caprices, provided they are not detrimental to others. The Spartan code and the Prussian system seem to me both equally tending to take from man many of his highest qualities and rights; but still, to a certain degree, man is bound to his fellow-man, as well as to God. I say, *as well as to God*, because I know that there are some persons who may not see that the one duty is a consequence of the other. But I fear I am preaching out of the pulpit," he continued, with a laugh; "and I must be forgiven as for an infirmity. The habit of preaching, I fear, is a very encroaching one, which, with the authority that the calling of teacher gives, renders many of us somewhat domineering in society."

"No one can say that of you," answered Walter Tracy. "But I must defend myself.

I was certainly speaking of the boy's individual happiness, not of his duty to society."

"Can the two be separated?" asked Horace Fleming, in a thoughtful tone. "I have always myself considered that the greatest amount of happinness on earth, is only to be obtained by the performance of all duties. I should be sorry to part with that conviction."

"I doubt not it is just," answered General Tracy gravely; "and I would not seek to take it from you even if I did; for it is a pleasant one, and a most useful one. But I will only remark in passing, that the most difficult of all points in ethics, is to define what duties are. So many of those things that we call duties are but conventional opinions, that I fear a rigid scrutator of the world's code of obligations would soon strip moral philosophy very bare. As to society itself, its rules are very much like the common law of England; a code of maxims accumulated during centuries, by different races, and under different circumstances, often contradictory, often absurd, continually cruel, frequently unjust and iniquitous in practice, even when theoretically

right, and yet cried up by those who gain by them as the perfection of human wisdom, to which all men must submit their acts, and most men do submit their reason. Of one thing I am very certain, that the aims and objects of society at present, the tendencies which it encourages, and the rewards which it holds out, are all opposed most strongly not only to that end which it professes to seek, but to that religion the excellence of which you are not one to deny — nor I either, be it remarked. Its tendencies, I contend, are anything but 'to produce the greatest amount of good to the greatest number,' which philosphers declare to be its object; its result is anything but to produce 'peace and goodwill amongst men,' which is the grand purpose of the Christian religion."

"Mr. Fleming was silent; for he felt that, though he differed in some degree, there was a certain amount of truth in the assertion. But Mr. Tracy exclaimed, "I do not understand you, Walter. In what respect does society so terribly fail?"

"In a thousand," answered General Tracy, abruptly.

"But an instance, but an instance," said his brother.

"Look around," replied the other; "do you not see, wherever you turn, even in this very land of ours, which is not the worst country in the world, that wealth gives undue power? that it is not the man who labours in any trade who gains the reward of industry? that the produce of labour is not fairly divided between the labourer and the wealthy man who employs him? that the laws which regulate that division are framed by the wealthy? and that an inordinate authority has fallen into the hands of riches, which keeps the poor man from his rights, drowns his voice in the senate, frustrates his efforts in the market, defeats his resistance to oppression, whether it take a lawful or unlawful form?"

"Pooh, pooh, Walter," replied Mr. Tracy; "this is all an affair of legislation and political economy, and has nothing to do with society,"

"All laws spring from the state of society in which they are formed, brother," replied Walter Tracy; "and political economy is

but the theory of certain dealings between man and man. But that society must be a fearful and iniquitous conspiracy where a few are rolling in riches, living in luxury, and rioting in idle wantonness, upon the produce of other men's labour who are suffering all the ills of extreme poverty, if not actually perishing for want. It is a gross and terrible anomaly, brother Arthur, to see the great mass of a people nearly destitute; to see many even dying of starvation; to see the honest and the industrious man unable, by the devotion of his whole time, and the exertion of all his energies, to obtain sufficient food for his family;—and yet to see enormous wealth, which, if the fruits of labour were fairly divided, would feed whole provinces of artizans, accumulating in the hands of a few men supported entirely by the labour of others. It is, I say, a gross and terrible anomaly; and it will bring its curse sooner or later."

"But you surely would not advocate an agrarian law," said Mr. Fleming. "That chimera has been slain a thousand times."

"Far from it!" exclaimed the old officer.

"I would touch none of what are called the rights of property; but I would drive to the winds that most absurd of all false pretences, invented by the rich for the purpose of oppressing the poor; namely, that it is wrong and dangerous to interfere between master and workman. I contend, that instead of wrong and dangerous, it is right and safe; it is just and necessary. It is right to defend the weak against the strong; it is safe to ensure that despair does not give overwhelming vigour to the weak. But the question is not, what I would do. I was asked for an instance of the evils of the society in which we live. I have given you one, Arthur; but if that does not suit you, I could give a thousand others. I could show how that society, of which you are so fond, is wicked and iniquitous in every different direction, towards the rich as well as the poor; how it encourages vice and depresses virtue; how it leagues with crime and scouts honesty. I could point to the same course pursued towards man, and more especially towards woman."

"Let us run away, dear uncle," cried

Rose, "before we are brought upon the carpet. I am of an excessively rebellious disposition, as you well know; and I am afraid if I hear any more of such doctrines, I shall revolt against the powers that be."

"The revolt of the roses!" cried her uncle, laughing; and very glad to change the subject, though it was a hobby. "Heaven forbid such a catastrophe amongst the flowers! But who would you revolt against, my Rose? Against the gardener, eh?" and he looked shrewdly from her to Emily, who smiled also. Rose coloured more than the occasion seemed to warrant; but Mr. Tracy, who was not in the secret of the gipsey's prophecy, joined in with high praises of his new gardener's science and taste.

"He is a stout, good-looking, courageous fellow, as ever lived," said General Tracy. "Pray, where did you pick him up, Arthur? He is not from this part of the country, I should imagine, by his tone and manners; for we are not the most polished, either in demeanour or language."

"He came to apply this morning," an-

swered Mr. Tracy; "and brought high testimonials both of skill and character, from Roberts, the steward of Sir Harry Winslow, who is dead, you know. I suppose he has served over at Elmsly Park, though I never thought of inquiring; for I was so much pleased with him, in every respect, that I engaged him at once."

"Upon my word, things are going on very favourably, Rose," whispered General Tracy to his niece, in good-humoured malice. "Few son's-in-law are received with such prepossessions." But he suddenly perceived that Rose's fair face bore a look of much distress, and stopped at once in his career of raillery, though not without some surprise.

A pause ensued, only interrupted by Mr. Tracy drinking wine with the young clergyman, and a few quiet words between Fleming and Emily; and then Rose Tracy asked, with a sort of effort, "How long has Sir Harry Winslow been dead, papa?"

"I only heard of it yesterday," replied

Mr. Tracy. "The funeral is to take place the day after to-morrow, I hear."

"He was a very singular man, was he not?" inquired the young lady.

"Very," answered her father, laconically; "and by no means a good one. I knew little of him, never having met him but twice, and then on county business. But his haughtiness was insufferable, and his manners like ice."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Fleming, "he knew that he was not liked or respected. For I have often remarked that men who have placed themselves in a position which prevents others from desiring their society, affect to reject that which they cannot obtain."

"The fox and the grapes," said Emily, with a smile.

"As old as Æsop!" remarked her uncle; and there the conversation on that head dropped. Soon after, the dinner came to an end, and the whole party returned to the drawing-room. Mr. Fleming asked Emily to sing, and seemed delighted with the sound

of her voice. General Tracy sat beside Rose and teazed her; but not about the gardener any more. And Rose, after having been very thoughtful for some time, suddenly resumed all her good spirits, sung with her sister, laughed with her uncle, played a game at chess with her father, and was beat with perfect good humour. But on the following morning when General Tracy asked her, before breakfast, to go down with him to the cottage to see the gipsey boy, she at first made some objection. They were alone. "My dear Rose," said her uncle, "this is nonsense. You do not suppose for one moment, that though I might joke you on that silly woman's prophecy, I could think it would have the least effect upon your mind."

"Oh dear, no!" answered Rose, "I am not so foolish as that, dear uncle; and if it will give you any pleasure, I will go. But the gardener has nothing to do with it," she added with a gay smile; "for I happen to know he is not there, and does not take possession for some days. My maid

told me so this morning, without my asking any questions; so your wicked smile has no point:" and away they went to the cottage.

CHAPTER X.

A FINE, tall, broad-fronted house, massy in architecture, and placed upon a commanding height, in a beautiful park, had all the window-shutters closed along the principal façade, though a number of people going in and coming out showed that it was not empty. There was no attempt at decoration to be seen in the building. All was plain, solid, and severe. Some dark pines on either hand harmonized with the sternness of the mansion; and the brown oaks and beeches behind carried off the lines to the wavy hills above. Everything was neat and in good order around; the trees carefully confined to their exact proportions near the house, the lawns close mowed, the gravel walks free

from the least intrusive weed. The gardens, with their long lines of green and hot houses, showed care and expense; and from a distance one would have supposed that the whole open ground of the park had been lately subject to the scythe, so smooth and trim did everything look.

Within was death.

In the state drawing-room, with crimson curtains sweeping down, and panelling of white and gold, upon a rich Axminster carpet, and surrounded by furniture of the most gorgeous kind, stood the dull trestles, bearing the moral of all—the coffin and the pall: splendour and ostentation and luxury without; death and foulness and corruption within. It was a still homily.

The library adjoining was crowded with gentlemen in black—they called it mourning—and they were eating and drinking cake and wine. Why should they not?—They would have done the same at a wedding. A little beautiful spaniel stood upon his hind legs to one of the mourners for a bit of cake. It was thrown to him; the dog caught it, and the *mourners* laughed. It was all very well.

Suddenly, however, they put on graver faces. Heaven! what a machine of falsehood is the face! The tongue may lie now and then—the face lies every minute. There was a little bustle at the door, and several of those near made way, speaking a few words to a young gentleman who entered, clothed, like the rest, in black, but with mourning written on his face. Where have we seen that face before? Is it Chandos? Surely it is. But yet how different is the air and manner; with what grave, sad dignity he passes on towards the spot at the other side of the room where Roberts, the steward, is standing, unconscious of his entrance! And who is that who stops him now, and shakes hands with him warmly, yet with a timid, half-averted eye—that pale young man with the waving fair hair around his forehead? Hark! Chandos answers him. "Well, quite well, Faber, I thank you. I have not been far distant; but I must speak to Roberts for a moment, and then," he added, slowly and solemnly, "I must go into the next room."

"You had better not, sir," said Mr. Faber, the late Sir Harry Winslow's secretary,

speaking in a low, imploring tone; "indeed you had better not."

"Do not be afraid, Faber," replied Chandos, "I have more command over myself now. I was too impetuous then. I was rash and hasty. Now I am calm; and nothing on earth would provoke me again to say one angry word. I shall ever be glad to hear of you, Faber; and you must write to me. Address your letters to the care of Roberts; he will be able to forward them."

He was then moving on; but the young man detained him by the hand, saying, in a whisper, "Oh, think better of it, Chandos. Be reconciled to him."

"That may be whenever he seeks reconciliation," answered Chandos; "but it will make no difference in my purposes. I will never be his dependent, Faber; for I know well what it is to be so."

Thus saying, he turned away, and spoke a few words to the steward; after which, with a slow but steady step, he walked towards the door leading to the great drawing-room, opened it, and passed through. Many an eye watched him till the door was closed;

and then the funeral guests murmured together, talking over his character and history. In the meantime he advanced through the drawing-room, and stood by the coffin of his father. Then slowly inclining his head to two men who stood at the opposite door, he bade them leave him for a moment. They instantly obeyed; and Chandos knelt down and prayed, with one hand resting on the pall. In a minute or two he heard a step coming, and rose; but did not quit the room, remaining by the side of the coffin, with his tall head bowed down, and a tear in his eyes. The next instant the opposite door opened quickly and sharply, and a man of two or three and thirty entered, bearing a strong family likeness to him who already stood there, but shorter, stouter, and less graceful. Though the features were like those of Chandos, yet there was a great difference of expression—the fierce, keen, eager eye, with its small, contracted pupil, the firm set teeth, and the curl at the corner of the mouth, all gave a look of bitterness and irritability from which the face of the other was quite free.

The moment the new comer's eyes rested

on Chandos, the habitual expression grew more intense, deepening into malevolence, and he exclaimed, "You here, sir!"

"Yes, I am, Sir William Winslow," answered the younger man. "You did not surely expect me to be absent from my father's funeral!"

"One never knows what to expect from you or of you," replied his brother. "I doubt not, you have really come for the purpose of insulting me again."

"Far from it," replied Chandos, calmly. "I came to pay the last duty to my parent; to insult no one. It is but for a few hours that we shall be together, Sir William: let us for that time forget everything but that we are the sons of the same father and mother; and by the side of this coffin lay aside, at least for the time, all feelings of animosity."

"Very well for you to talk of forgetting," answered Sir William Winslow, bitterly. "I do not forget so easily, sir. The sons of the same father and mother!—Well, it is so, and strange, too."

"Hush! hush!" cried Chandos, waving his

hand with an indignant look; and, not knowing what would be uttered next, he turned quickly away, and left the room.

"Oh, he runs," said Sir William Winslow, whose face was flushed, and his brow knit. "But he shall hear more of my mind before he goes. He said before them all that he would never consent to be dependent on one who was a tyrant in everything—to my servants—even to my dogs. Was that not an insult? —I will make him eat those words as soon as the funeral is over, or he shall learn that I can and will exercise the power my father left me to the uttermost. It was the wisest thing he ever did to enable me to tame this proud spirit. Oh, I will bring it down!—Sons of the same father and mother! On my life, if it were not for the likeness, I should think he was a changeling. But he is like—very like; and like my mother, too. It is from her that he takes that obstinate spirit which he thinks so fine, and calls resolution."

As he thus thought, his eyes fell upon the coffin; and he felt a little ashamed. There is a still, calm power in the presence of the

dead which rebukes wrath; and Sir William Winslow looked down upon the pall, and thought of what was beneath with feelings that he did not like to indulge, but could not altogether conquer. He was spared a struggle with them, however; for a minute had hardly passed after Chandos had left him, when a servant came in, and advanced to whisper a word in his master's ear.

"Well, I am ready," replied Sir William, "quite ready. Where are all the carriages? I do not see them."

"They have been taken into the back court," said the man.

"Well, then, I am quite ready," repeated the baronet, and retired, but not by the door which led to the room where the guests were assembled.

Half an hour passed in the gloomy preparations for the funeral march. The callous assistants of the undertaker went about their task with the usual studied gravity of aspect, and, at heart, the cold indifference of habit to all the fearful realities which lay hid under the pageantry which their own hands had prepared out of plumes and tinsel, and velvet

and silk. Then came the display of hearse and mutes and plume-bearers, and the long line of carriages following with the mourners, who were only in the mercenary point better than the hired mourners of more ancient days. And the people of the village came out to stare at the fine sight; and amongst the young, some vague indefinite notion of there being something solemn and awful under all that decoration might prevail; but with the great multitude it was but a stage-procession.

None thought of what it is to lay the flesh of man amongst the worms, when the spirit has winged its flight away where no man knoweth.

To one person, indeed, amongst those who were carried along after the corpse, the whole was full of awe. He knew that his father had lived as if the world were all: he knew not if he had died in hope of another; and the lessons early implanted in his heart by a mother's voice, made that consideration a terrible one for him. Then, too, the gaping crowd was painful to him. And oh, what he felt when the little village boys ran along

laughing and pointing by the side of the funeral train!

They reached the gates of the churchyard, which was wide and well tenanted; and there the coffin had to be taken out, and Chandos stood side by side with his brother. Neither spoke to, neither looked at, the other. It was a terrible thing to behold that want of sympathy between two so nearly allied at the funeral of a father; but the eye that most marked it, saw that the one was full of deep and sorrowful thoughts, the other of fierce and angry passions.

The moment after, rose upon the air, pronounced by the powerful voice of the village curate, those words of bright but awful hope, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." That solemn and impressive service, the most beautiful and appropriate, the most elevating, yet the most subduing that ever was composed—the burial office of the English church—proceeded; and Chandos Winslow lost himself completely in the ideas that it

awakened. But little manifested were many of those ideas, it is true; but they were only on that account the more absorbing; and when the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," sounded in his ears, a shudder passed over him as he asked himself—"Had he such a hope?"

Most different were the feelings of the man who stood by his side. The customs of the world, the habits of good society put a restraint upon him; but, with a strange perversion of the true meaning of the words he heard, and a false application of them to his own circumstances, he fancied that he was virtuous and religious when he refrained, even there, from venting his anger in any shape upon its object; and heard the sentences of the Psalmist, as a sort of laudation of his own forbearance. When the clergyman read aloud: "I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight," he fancied himself a second David, and reserved his wrath for the time to come.

At length all was over; the dull shovels-

full of earth rattled upon the coffin; the last "Amen" was said; and the mourners took their way back towards the carriages, leaving the sexton to finish his work. But when Sir William Winslow had entered the coach with two other gentlemen, and the servant was about to shut the door, he put down his head, and asked in a low but fierce voice, "Where is my brother? Where is Mr. Chandos Winslow."

"He went away, Sir William, a minute ago," replied the servant. "He took the other way on foot."

Sir William Winslow cast himself back in the seat, and set his teeth hard; but he did not utter a word to any one, till he reached Elmsly Park. His demeanour, however, was courteous to those few persons who were on sufficiently intimate terms to remain for a few minutes after his return; and to one of them he even said a few words upon the absence of his "strange brother." His was the tone of an injured man; but the gentleman to whom he spoke was not without plain, straight-forward good sense; and his only reply was, "Some allowance must be made

Sir William, for your brother's mortification at finding that your father has left him nothing of all his large fortune; not even the portion which fell to his mother, on the death of her uncle."

"Not, sir, when my father desired me in his will to provide for him properly," said Sir William Winslow.

"Why, I don't know," answered the other in a careless tone. "No man likes to be dependent, or to owe to favour that which he thinks he might claim of right. I have heard, too, that you and Mr. Winslow have not been on good terms for the last four or five years; but nobody can judge of such matters but the parties concerned. I must take my leave, however; for I see my carriage, and I have far to go."

Sir William Winslow made a stiff bow, and the other departed.

"Now send Roberts to me," said the heir of immense wealth, as soon as every one of his own rank was gone, speaking of his father's steward and law-agent, as if he had been a horse-boy in his stable. But the footman to whom he spoke informed him

that Mr. Roberts was not in the house. Sir William Winslow fretted himself for half-an-hour, when at length it was announced that the steward had arrived. He entered with his usual calm, deliberate air; and was advancing towards the table at which the baronet sat, when the latter addressed him sharply, saying, "I told you, Mr. Roberts, that I should require to speak with you immediately after the funeral."

"I have come, Sir William," replied the other, calmly, "as soon as important business, which could not be delayed, would permit me; and I had hoped to be here by the time most convenient to you. I did not know that the gentlemen who returned with you would go so soon."

"You have kept me half-an-hour waiting, sir," replied Sir William; "and I do not like to be kept waiting."

"I am sorry that it so occurred," answered the steward. "May I ask your commands?"

"In the first place, I wish to know, where is my brother Chandos?" said the baronet, "I saw him speaking to you in the churchyard."

"He did, sir," replied Roberts, "and he has since been at my house. But where he now is I cannot tell you."

"Oh, he has been arranging all his affairs with you, I suppose," said Sir William Winslow, with a sneer; "and, I suppose, hearing from you of my father being supposed to have made another will."

"No, Sir William," replied the steward, perfectly undisturbed. "He did arrange some affairs with me; gave me power to receive the dividend upon the small sum in the funds, left him by Mrs. Grant, amounting to one hundred and sixty-two pounds ten, per annum; and directed me what to do with the books and furniture, left him by your father. But I did not judge it expedient to tell him at present, that I know Sir Harry did once make another will; because, as you say he burnt it afterwards, I imagined such information might only increase his disappointment, or excite hopes never likely to be realized."

"You did right," answered the baronet. "I saw my father burn it with my own eyes; and I desire that you will not mention the

subject to him at all. It is my intention to let him bite at the bridle a little; and then, when his spirit is tamed, do for him what my father wished me to do. Have you any means of communicating with him?"

But Mr. Roberts was a methodical man; and he answered things in order. "In regard to mentioning the subject of the later will, Sir William," he said, "I will take advice. I am placed in a peculiar position, sir: as your agent, I have a duty to perform to you; but as an honest man, I have also duties to perform. I know that a will five years posterior to that which has been opened, was duly executed by your father. I think you are mistaken in supposing it was burnt by him, and ——."

"By him!" cried the baronet, catching at his words, "do you mean to insinuate that I burnt it?"

"Far from it, Sir William," was the reply of the steward. "I am sure you are quite incapable of such an act; and if I had just cause to believe such a thing, either you or I would not be here now. But, as I have said, my position is a peculiar one: and I would

rather leave the decision of how I ought to act to others."

"You have heard my orders, sir; and you are aware of what must be the consequence of your hesitating to obey them," rejoined the baronet, nodding his head significantly.

"Perfectly, Sir William," answered Mr. Roberts; "and that is a subject on which I wish to speak. When I gave up practice as an attorney, and undertook the office of steward or agent to your late father, I would only consent to do so under an indenture which insured me three months clear notice of the termination of my engagement with him and his heirs, &c.; during which three months I was to continue in the full exercises of all the functions specified in the document of which I beg leave to hand you a copy. This I did require for the safety of myself and of those parties with whom I might enter into engagements regarding the letting of various farms, and other matters which a new agent might think fit to overset, unless I had the power of completing legally any contracts to which your father might have consented, though in an informal manner. Your father

assented, and had, I believe, no cause to regret having done so; as, without distressing the tenantry, the rental has been raised twenty-seven per cent. within the last fifteen years. Your father was pleased, Sir William, to treat me in a different manner from that which you have thought fit to use within the last week; and I therefore must beg leave to give you notice, that at the termination of three months I shall cease to be your agent. The indenture requires a written notice on either part; and therefore I shall have the honour of enclosing one this afternoon."

Sir William Winslow had listened, in silent astonishment, to his steward's words, and the first feeling was undoubtedly rage; but Mr. Roberts was sufficiently long-winded to allow reflection to come in, though not entirely to let anger go out. The baronet walked to the window, and looked out into the park. Had Mr. Roberts been in the park, he would have seen the muscles of his face working with passion; but when Sir William, after a silence of two or three minutes, turned round again, the expression was calm, though very grave.

"Do not send in the notice," he said; "take another week to consider of it, Roberts. I have had a good deal to irritate me, a good deal to excite me. I am, I know, a passionate and irritable man; but ——. There, let us say no more of it at present, Roberts. We will both think better of many things."

It is wonderful how often men imagine that by acknowledging they are irritable, they justify all that irritation prompts. It affords to the male part of the sex the same universal excuse that nervousness does to so many women. I am quite sure that many a lady who finds her way into Doctors' Commons, fancies she broke the seventh commandment from pure nervousness.

Mr. Roberts was not at all satisfied that Sir William Winslow's irritability would ever take a less unpleasant form; but nevertheless, without reply, he bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER XI.

Our variable skies had cast off their wintry hue, and assumed almost the aspect of summer. Cloud and storm had passed away. Sleet and rain no longer beat in the face of the traveller; and though November was growing old, yet the melancholy month showed himself much more mild and placable in his age than in his youth: there was a bright, warm smile in the sky, and the sun towards midday was actually hot. There was a great deal of activity and bustle in the gardens of Mr. Tracy. The sage old folks in the neighbourhood remarked, that a new broom swept clean; and the head-gardener was certainly seen from day-break till sunset in every part of the extensive grounds, di-

recting the labours of the men under him, and preparing everything against the wintry months that were coming. Mr. Tracy was delighted. For the first time he saw all his own plans proceeding rapidly and energetically; for the gardener, with more sound tact than gardeners usually have, applied himself to execute, alone, what his master proposed or suggested, but took care it should be executed well, and as rapidly as possible.

A new spirit seemed to come into the whole house with the new gardener. Everybody, but one, although it was certainly an unpropitious season of the year, seemed to be seized with the mania of gardening. Old General Tracy himself, after having been confined for four or five days to his room, by the consequences of his intimacy with farmer Thorp's bull, which he had at first neglected, but was afterwards compelled to remember, might be seen with a spade in his hand delving with the rest. Mr. Tracy and Emily were constantly here and there in the grounds, conversing with the head-gardener, and laying out plans for immediate or future execution; and the only one who, like the warm

beams of summer, seemed to abandon the garden as winter approached, was Mr. Tracy's youngest daughter Rose, whose visits were confined to the morning and the evening, when a task, to which she had accustomed herself from her childhood, and which she had no excuse for neglecting now, called her down to the end of what was called "the ladies' walk." This task was, indeed, a somewhat childish one; namely, to feed a number of beautiful gold and silver fishes collected in a large marble basin, and sheltered from snow and frost by a not very bad imitation of a Greek temple.

There is a very mistaken notion current, that fish are not overburdened with plain common sense. We have too few opportunities of observing them to judge; but Rose's gold and silver fish certainly displayed considerable discrimination. One would have thought that they knew the sound of her beautiful little feet; only fish have got no ears. However, as her step approached, they were sure to swim in multitudes towards her, jostling their scaly sides against each other, and evidently looking up with interest and pleasure. They

did not do the same to any one else. They came indeed, but came more slowly, if Emily approached; and hovered at a timid distance from the side if anything in a male garb was seen.

Two or three times, whilst standing by the side of the basin, Rose saw the head-gardener pass by; but he took no further notice of her, than merely by raising his hat, with a bow, which might have suited a drawing-room as well as a garden.

Rose had become very thoughtful—not at all times—for when she was with the rest of the family, she was as gay as ever; but when she was in her own room with a book in her hand, the book would often rest upon her knee unread; and her eyes would gaze out of the window upon the far prospect, while the mind was very busy with things within itself. There was something that puzzled Rose Tracy sadly. What could she be thinking of? Strange to say, Rose was thinking of the head-gardener; yet she never mentioned his name, even when all the rest were praising him, marvelling at his taste, at his information, at his manners for a man in that

rank of life. She never went near the places where he was most likely to be found; and a fortnight passed ere she exchanged a single word with him.

At length, one morning, a short conversation, of which it may be necessary to transcribe only a few sentences, took place at breakfast between her father and her uncle; which worked a great change in Rose Tracy.

"It certainly is the most extraordinary will that ever was made," said Mr. Tracy; "and so unjust, that I cannot think it will be maintained in law. He leaves his whole property to to his eldest son, towards whom he showed nothing but coldness and dislike for many years, and leaves the second actually nothing but a mere recommendation to his brother's favour. Now, the whole Elmsly property, to the amount of at least seventeen thousand a year, came to him in right of Lady Jane; and it is generally the custom for the mother's property to descend to the younger children."

"At all events, they should have a fair share of it," answered old Walter Tracy. "For my part, I would do away with the law

of primogeniture altogether. It is a barbarous and unnatural law. But perhaps Sir Harry, in his eccentric way, left verbal directions with his eldest son."

"Not at all, not at all," answered Mr. Tracy. "I understand from Lawrence Graves, who is their near relation, that Sir William declares he has no instructions whatever but those contained in the will. And, as Mr. Winslow and his brother have not been upon good terms for some years, the young gentleman refuses absolutely to receive any thing from him whatever."

"Then, in Heaven's name! what will become of him," exclaimed Emily, "if he is left pennyless?"

"He might have done well enough in many professions," said the General, "if this had occurred earlier. But he is three or four and twenty now; too old for the army; and both the church and the bar are sad slow professions; requiring a fortune to be spent before a pittance can be gained."

"What will become of him no one knows," rejoined Mr. Tracy. "But it seems he set out for London, with a bold heart, de-

claring he would carve his way for himself; and be dependent upon no man."

"A fine bold fellow—I like him!" cried the General. "Lily, my love, another cup of coffee, and more cream, or I will disinherit you."

When breakfast was over, Rose ran up to her own room, locked the door, and sat down and cried. "Then this was the cause," she murmured: "and he must think me unkind and mean."

About two o'clock that day, Rose went out in a little park phæton, with a small postillion upon the near blood-horse. She had several things to do in the neighbouring village, about two miles distant: some shops to visit; a girls' school to look into; and one or two other matters of lady life. Horace Fleming, too, came up and talked to her for a few minutes, standing by the side of the phæton.

The horses, one and both, agreed that it was very tiresome to be kept standing so long in the streets of a dull little place like that. As soon as they were suffered to go on, they dashed away in very gay style towards their home; but Rose was not likely

to alarm herself at a little rapid motion, and the fastest trot they could go did not at all disturb her. Horses, however, when they are going homeward, and get very eager, are sometimes more nervous than their drivers or riders. All went well, then, through the first mile of country roads, and narrow lanes; but about a quarter of a mile further, a man very like farmer Thorpe—Rose did not see distinctly, but she thought it was he—pushed his way through the trees, on the top of the low bank, just before the horses. Both shied violently to the near side; the small postillion was pitched out of the saddle into the hedge; and on the two beasts dashed, no longer at a trot, but a gallop, with the rein floating loose. Rose Tracy did not scream; but she held fast by the side of the phæton, and shut her eyes. It was all very wrong, but very natural, for a woman who knew that there were three turns on the road before the house could be reached, and there, a pair of iron gates, generally closed. She did not wish to see what her brains were going to be dashed out against, till it was done, nor to fly further when the phæton

overset than necessary; and therefore, she did as I have said. But after whirling on for two or three minutes, turning sharp round one corner, and bounding over a large stone; she felt a sudden check, which threw her on her knees into the bottom of the phæton, and heard a voice cry, "So ho! stand, boy, stand! so ho! quiet, quiet!" and opening her eyes, she saw the horses plunging a little and endeavouring to rear, in the strong grasp of the head-gardener, who held them tight by the bridles, and strove to soothe them. One of the under-gardeners was scrambling over the palings of her father's grounds, where the other had passed before; and in a minute the two fiery bays were secured and quieted.

"I hope you are not much hurt or terrified, Miss Tracy," said the head-gardener, approaching the side, while the other man held the reins; and Rose saw a look of eager interest in his eyes, and heard it in his voice.

"Terrified, I am, certainly, Mr.— Mr. Acton," she said, hesitating at the name; "but not hurt, thank God! though, I believe I owe my life to you."

"I was much alarmed for you," he answered; "for I feared when I saw them coming, as I stood on the mound, that I should not be in time. But had you not better get out and walk home. I will open the garden gate; and then go and look for the boy. I hope the wheels did not go over him, for I suppose he fell off."

"I trust he is not hurt," answered Rose, allowing him to hand her out. "The horses took fright at a man in the hedge, and threw him; but I think he fell far from the carriage."

"Here he comes, Miss," cried the undergardener; "here he comes, a running. There's no bones broke there."

So it proved: the boy came with a face all scratched, and hands all full of thorns; but otherwise uninjured, except in temper. Vanity, vanity, the great mover in half — half! might I not say nine-tenth's?—of man's actions; what wonderful absurdities is it not always leading us into! All small postillions are wonderfully vain, whether their expeditions be upon bright bays or hobby horses; and if they be thrown, especially before the

eyes of a mistress, how pugnacious the little people become! The boy was inclined to avenge himself upon the horses, and made straight to their heads with his teeth set, and his knotted whip, newly recovered, in his hand; but the under-gardener was learned in small postillions, and taking him by the collar, before he could do more than aim one blow at the poor beasts, he held him at arm's length, saying, "Thou art a fool, Thomas. The cattle won't be a bit better for licking. They did not intend to make thee look silly when they sent thee flying."

"Thomas," cried the voice of Rose, "for shame! If you attempt to treat the horses ill, I shall certainly inform my father."

"Why, Miss, they might have killed you," answered little vanity, assuming—she is own sister to Proteus—the shape of generous indignation.

"Never mind," answered Rose. "I insist upon it, you treat them gently and kindly; or depend upon it you will be punished yourself."

"Half the vicious horses that we see, Miss Tracy," said the head-gardener, "are made

so by man. We are all originally tyrants, I fear, to those who cannot remonstrate; and the nearer we are to the boy in heart and spirit, the stronger is the tyrant in our nature. It is sorrow, disappointment, and sad experience that makes us men."

He had forgotten himself for a moment; and Rose forgot herself too. She looked up in his face and smiled as no lady (except Eve) ever smiled upon a gardener, without being a coquette.

They both recovered themselves in a minute, however; and, walking on in silence to the garden-gate, about three hundred yards further up the lane, the gardener opened it with his key and then saw her safely till she was within sight of the house. Rose paused for a moment, and smiled when he had bowed, and retired. "This cannot go on," she said. "I may as well speak to him at once, now I know the circumstance; for this state of things must come to an end. I owe him life, too; and may well venture to do all I can, and proffer all I can, to console and assist him. My father, I am sure, would aid him, and my uncle too, if he would but confide in

them." And with half-formed purposes she returned to the house, and horrified and delighted her sister, who was the only person she found at home, with an account of her danger and her deliverance.

About an hour and a half after, Rose Tracy stood by the basin of gold-fish, with her little basket of fine bread crumbs in her hand. The fishes were all gathered near in a herd, looking up to her with more than usual interest in their dull round eyes—at least so it might have seemed to fancy. Her fair face, with the large, soft, silky-fringed eyes, was bent over the water; the clusters of her dark brown hair fell upon her warm cheek, which glowed with a deeper hue, she knew not why. The light green hat upon her head seemed like the cup of a bending rose; and any one who saw her might have fancied her the spirit of the flower whose name she bore.

With a careful and equitable hand she scattered the food over the surface of the water; and never were brighter colours presented by the finny tenants of the pond of the half marble king of the black islands,

than her favourites displayed as they darted and flashed, sometimes past, sometimes over each other, while a solitary ray of the setting sun poured through the evergreens, passed between the columns, and rested on the surface of the water.

A slow, quiet, firm step sounded near; and Rose's cheek became a little paler; but she instantly raised her head, and looked round with a sparkling eye. The head-gardener was passing from his daily avocations towards his cottage. Rose paused for a minute, with a heart that fluttered. Then she beckoned to him, (as he took off his hat respectfully,) and said aloud, "I want to speak with you."

He advanced at once to her side, without the slightest appearance of surprise; and Rose held out her hand to him.

"I have to thank you for saving my life," she said in a hurried and agitated tone—much more agitated than she wished it to be, or thought it was; "and I believe we have all to thank you for saving the life of my dear uncle. But I should take another time and means of expressing my gratitude, had

I not something else to say. I have a sadly tenacious memory. Let me ask you frankly and candidly—have we not met before you came here?"

The head-gardener smiled sorrowfully; but he answered at once. "We have, dear Miss Tracy, in other scenes and other circumstances. We met at the Duchess of H——'s: a day which I shall never forget, and which I have never forgotten. And I had the happiness of passing more than one hour entirely with you. For, if you remember, the crowd was so great that we could not find your aunt; and you were cast upon tedious company as your only resource."

Rose smiled, and answered not the latter part of his reply; but with a varying colour, and in broken, embarrassed phrase, went on as follows:—"You thought I had forgotten your appearance, Mr. Winslow; but, as I have said, I have a sadly tenacious memory, and I recollected you at once. I could not conceive what was the cause of what I saw—of why or how you could be here—in—in such circumstances—and it puzzled and—and embarrassed me very much; for I thought—

I was sure—that if I mentioned what I knew, it might be painful to you—and yet to meet often one whom I had known in such a different position, without a word of recognition —might seem—I do not know what, but very strange."

"I thank you deeply for your forbearance," replied Chandos, "and I will beseech you, dear Miss Tracy, not to divulge the secret you possess to any one. If you do, it will force me immediately to quit your father's service, and to abandon a scheme of life —a whim, if you will, which—"

"My father's service!" cried Rose, eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Winslow, why should you condemn yourself to use such words. It is only this morning that I have heard your history; but indeed, indeed, such a situation becomes you not. Oh, be advised by one who has a title—the title of deep gratitude, to obtrude advice. Tell my father, when he comes to-morrow to thank you for saving his child's life, who you are. He already knows how hardly, how iniquitously you have been used, and this very day was expressing his sense of your wrongs. Oh tell him, Mr.

Winslow! You will find him kind, and feeling, and ready, I am sure, to do anything to counsel and assist you. Pray, pray do!" and Rose Tracy laid her fair beautiful hand upon his arm in her eager petitioning.

Chandos took it in his and pressed it, not warmly, but gratefully. "Thank you; a thousand times thank you," he answered. "Such sympathy and such kindness as you show, are worth all the assistance and the encouragement that the whole world could give. Yet forgive me for not following your advice. I am poor, Miss Tracy; but not so poor as to render it necessary for me to follow this humble calling for support. I am quite independent of circumstances. A relation left me sufficient for existence some years ago. My father bequeathed me a fine library and some other things of value. But it is my wish to try a different mode of life from that to which I have been accustomed. I will confess to you," he added, "that when I came here, I had no idea you were Mr. Tracy's daughter, or perhaps I should not have come—."

Her colour varied, and he went on—"The

same causes," he said, with a rapid and hasty voice, "which, had my expectations, reasonable or unreasonable, been fulfilled, might have brought me hither eagerly, would, in changed circumstances, have prevented me from coming. But enough of this. I will not trouble you with all my motives and my views—call them whims, call them follies, if you like; but I will only say that I wish, for a short time, to give my mind repose from the daily round of thoughts to which every man moving in one particular circle alone is subject, which grind us down and fashion our very hearts and spirits into artificial forms, till we deem everything that is conventional right, and, I fear, are apt to imagine that everything which is natural is wrong. I wish to see all objects with different eyes from those with which I have hitherto seen them; or, perhaps, to use a more rational figure, I would fain place myself on a new spot in the great plain of society, whence I can obtain a sight of the whole under a different point of view. I have looked down at the world from the hill, dear Miss Tracy, I am determined now to look up at it from the valley."

Rose smiled with a look of interest, but yet a look of melancholy; and shaking her head she answered, "You will soon be found out for a mountaineer; they are already wondering at you."

"That I cannot help," replied Chandos. "But at all events give me as much time as possible; and if you would really oblige me, do not mention to any one who and what I am. Let me be the gardener still—except when, perhaps, at such a moment as this, you will condescend to remember me as something else."

"Oh, I am bound to keep your secret," said Rose; "or, indeed, to do much more, if I knew how. But my father must express both his own and his daughter's gratitude for the preservation of her life; and in the meantime I will of course be silent as to your name and character. But had I not better, Mr. Winslow, let you know, if I perceive any probability of your being discovered?"

"That would indeed be a great favour," replied Chandos; "for circumstances might occur which would render discovery not only painful, but highly detrimental."

"Then I will give you warning of the first suspicion," answered Rose. "And now farewell; for it is nearly dark, and the dinner bell will soon ring."

Chandos bent down his head, and kissed her hand. It was the first act touching in the least upon gallantry which he had permitted himself; but it called the colour into Rose's cheek; and with another farewell, she left him.

CHAPTER XII.

It was evening. The cottage fire blazed bright and warm. Two tallow candles were upon the table; for Chandos loved light, and burnt two tallow candles. Moreover, the people of the hamlet thought him a great man because he did so. Such is the appreciation of the world—such the all-pervading influence of the spirit of the country and the times—such the admiration of money in the *United* Kingdom! of Great Britain and Ireland, that the neighbouring peasantry thought him a much greater man than the last head-gardener, because he burnt two tallow candles, and the last burnt only one. Take it home to you, ye gentlemen in Grosvenor-square. Your services of gilded plate, your

rich dinners, your innumerable lackeys, (none below six feet two), which gain you such envious reverence from those who use Sheffield plate, and content themselves with a foot-boy, is nothing more than the burning of two tallow candles, in the eyes of your inferiors in wealth. Be vain of it, if you can!

There was a neat row of books upon a shelf, against the little parlour wall. Many related to gardening; but there was Shakespeare and Milton, Ben, Beaumont and Fletcher, Herrick and Donne, and Cowley. Ranged near, too, were seen, in good old bindings, Virgil and Horace, Lucan, Tibullus, Martial, and Cicero. Ovid was not there; for Chandos had no taste for gods and goddesses *en bagnio*. Homer and Lucretius were put behind the rest, but where they could be got at easily.

There were teacups and saucers on the table; and the old woman who had been hired to keep his house orderly, and attend upon little Tim, after he had become a denizen of the cottage, was boiling the water in the adjoining kitchen.

"Great A," said Chandos; and, out of a number of pasteboard letters on the floor, the boy brought one, saying, "Great A. It looks like the roof of a house."

"Great B," repeated his self-installed master; and the boy brought great B, remarking that it was like two sausages on a skewer. For every letter he had some comparison; and it is wonderful how rapidly by his own system of mnemonics he had taught himself to recollect one from the other.

"Now for the little bit of catechism, Tim," said the young gentleman; "then a piece of bread-and-jam, and to bed."

The boy came and stood at his knee, as if it had been a father's, and repeated a few sentences of the First Catechism, in answer to Chandos's questions; and the young gentleman patted his head, gave him the thick-spread bread-and-jam, and was dismissing him to the care of Dame Humphreys, when the room-door was quietly pushed open—it had been ajar—and the tall, fine form of Lockwood appeared.

"Ah, Lockwood! good evening," said

Chandos. "Why, you are a late visitor.—But what is the matter? You seem agitated."

"Nothing, nothing, sir," answered the other. "Only, to see you and the little boy, put me in mind of my poor mother; and how she used to cry sometimes when she was teaching me my catechism, long before I could understand that it made her think that she had been wronged, and had done wrong, too, herself. But who is the lad? if it be not an impertinent question. He's not one of your own angles?"

"I do not understand you, Lockwood," replied Chandos, in some surprise. "If you mean to ask, whether he is a child of mine, I say, 'Certainly not.' Do you not see he is eight or nine years old?"

"I call all children angles," answered Lockwood, smiling, "because they are the meeting of two lines. You, for instance, are an isosceles angle, because the two sides are equal. I am not, you know; which is a misfortune, not a fault. But whose son is the boy? He seems a fine little fellow."

Chandos explained, and his explanation

threw Lockwood into a fit of musing. During its continuance, his half-brother had an opportunity of examining what it was which had effected, since they last met, a considerable difference in his personal appearance; and at length he interrupted his meditation by observing, "I see you have let your whiskers grow, Lockwood."

"Yes," replied the other. "Yours pleased me; and so I determined to be *barbatus* also. Why men should shave off their beards at all I cannot divine. Saints and patriarchs wore them. All the greatest men in the world have worn them, with the exception of Newton. Moses, Mahomet, Friar Bacon, King Alfred, and Numa Pompilius, were all bearded, as well as Bluebeard, that strict disciplinarian, with Mr. Muntz, and his brother, the Shah of Persia, and Prester John, who, if we knew his whole history, was probably the greatest man amongst them. But whiskers must do for the present. Perhaps I shall come to a whole beard in time. I have brought you a leash of teal, and some news; for which you shall give me a cup of tea."

"I can give you a bed, too," answered

Chandos ; "for, thanks to your good care, all the rooms are furnished now."

"Not for me," answered Lockwood: "I am back by moonlight. The goddess rises at eleven, I think ; and I will be her Carian boy to-night—only I will not sleep, but walk while she kisses my brow."

Another cup was brought, and Chandos added some more tea to the infusion. His companion seemed in a somewhat wandering mood of mind, and many were the subjects started before he came to the news which he had to tell. "What capital tea!" he said. "Mine is but sage and sloe leaf to this. How we go on adulterating! There is not a thing now-a-day that we eat or drink which is pure. Good things become condemned by the foul imitations which men sell for them ; and the cheatery of the multitude robs the honest man of his due repute. Instead of standing out in bright singularity, he is confounded in the mass of rogues. Short measure, false weights, diminished numbers, forged tickets, fictitious representations, adulterated goods, and worthless fabrications, are the things upon which the once glorious

British trader now thrives. But it is only for a little day. Found out, he will soon be despised; despised, neglected; and neglected, ruined—or, at least, if it touches not this generation, it will the next."

"But, my good friend, it is not the British trader or manufacturer alone," answered Chandos; "I can tell you, by having travelled a good deal, that it is the spirit of the age, and pervades the whole world, except in its most uncivilized districts. You can depend upon nothing that you buy. A rich traveller orders his bottle of Champagne at an inn, and is charged an enormous price for a deleterious beverage prepared within half-a-dozen yards of the spot where he drinks it, though that may be five hundred miles from Champagne. A spirit drinker requires a glass of brandy, gets some fermented juice of the potato, and is charged for *old Cognac.* Another asks for Saxony linen, and receives a mixture of cotton and lint that is worn out in half the time which would be required to use the article he paid for. Every man in Europe, with a very few exceptions, thinks

only of present gain, without regard to honesty or future reputation."

"He will kill the goose with the golden eggs," said Lockwood.

"He cares not for that," answered Chandos. "The grand principle of action in the present day was developed nearly forty years ago, when one of a family, the wittiest perhaps that ever lived, and the one which most quickly seized the feelings of their times, asked, 'What did posterity ever do for me?' That is the secret of everything strange that we see around us. Each man lives alone for his own earthly life: he cares not either for those who come after, or for remote reputation, or for a world that is to come. In regard to the first, he thinks, 'They will take care of themselves, as I have done.' In regard to the second he says, 'It is a bubble that, as far as I am concerned, breaks when I die.' In regard to the third, his ideas are indefinite; and while he admits that there may be an hereafter, he takes his chance, and says, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Ay, so it was with Mr. Parkington, the rich manufacturer who bought Greenlees, close by Winslow, and died there," said Lockwood. "When he was upon his death-bed, the parson of the parish went to console him, and talked of the joys of heaven. He spoke too finely for the old spinner, I've a notion; for after he had told him of eternal happiness in the knowledge and love of God, the sick man raised his grey head and said, 'Thank you, thank you, Mr. Wilmington; but, after all, *Old England for my money!*'"

Chandos could not refrain a smile. "Too true a picture," he said, "of the mind of a money-getting man. But the state of our society is in fault in giving such a bias to human weakness. We are taught from the earliest period of our lives to think that the great object of existence is money, and what money can procure. The whole tendency of the age, in short, is material; and political economists, while systematizing one class of man's efforts, have (unwittingly, I do believe) left out of all consideration the higher and more important

duties and efforts which his station in creation imposes upon him. Were man but the most reasoning of animals, such systems might do very well; but for those who believe him to be something more, who know, or feel, or hope that he is a responsible agent, to whom powers are confided in trust for great purposes, a system that excludes or omits all the wider relations of spirit with spirit, which takes no count of man's immortal nature, which overlooks his dependence upon God and his accountability to Him, is not only imperfect, but corrupt. It may be said that it teaches man but one branch of the great social science; and that to mix the consideration of others with it, would but embarrass the theories which in themselves are right; but when a system affects the whole relations of man with his fellow-creatures, such an argument is inadmissible, upon the broad ground of reason, if it be admitted that man is more than a machine, and most vicious, if it be allowed that he is an accountable being under a code of laws divine in their origin. These two questions are inseparable from every argument affect-

ing the dealings of man with man. Let those who reason either admit or deny our immortality. If they deny, they may be right, I say nought against it; and their reasoning regarding the machine, *man*, would in most instances be very fair;—but if they admit, they must take a wider grasp of the subject, and show that their doctrines are compatible with his responsibility to God.

"It would be wide enough and difficult enough," answered Lockwood. But it is a science of which I understand nothing. It seems to have taught us more of the acquisition of wealth, than the acquisition of happiness; and to lead inevitably to the accumulation of money in few hands, without tending to its after-distribution amongst many. This is all I have seen it do yet."

"And that is a great evil," replied Chandos.

"A great evil, indeed," answered Lockwood, laughing. "For instance: your brother is a great deal too rich; and it would be a capital thing, if his property were distributed."

Chandos thought for a moment or two,

very gravely, and then replied: "I envy him not, Lockwood. Perhaps you may think it strange; but, I assure you, what I am going to say is true: I would a great deal rather be as I am, with the poor pittance I possess, than my brother with his thoughts and feelings, and all his wealth. There must be things resting on his mind, which, to me at least, would embitter the richest food, and strew with thorns the softest bed."

"Ah, I know what you mean," answered Lockwood; "I heard of it at the time: seven or eight years ago. You mean that story of Susan Grey, the Maid of the Mill, as they called her, who drowned herself."

Chandos nodded his head, but made no reply; and Lockwood went on.

"Ay, I remember her well; she was as pretty a creature as ever I saw, and always used to put me in mind of the ballad of the 'Nut-brown Maid.' You know, the old man died afterwards. He never held up his head after your brother took her away. He became bankrupt in two years, and was dead before the third was over. And the ruins of the mill stand upon the hill, with the wind blowing

through the plankless beams, as through a murderer's bones in chains on a gibbet. But, after all, though it was a very bad case, Sir William was but following his father's example. The Greeks used to say, 'Bad the crow, bad the egg!' and he trod in Sir Harry's footsteps."

"No, no, no!" said Chandos, vehemently; "my father might seduce, but he did not abandon to neglect and scorn. He might carry unhappiness—and he did—to many a hearth; but he did not, for the sake of a few pitiful pounds, cast off to poverty and misery the creature he had deluded. I know the whole story, Lockwood. This was the cause of the first bitter quarrel between my brother and myself. I was a boy of but seventeen then. But often I used to stop at the mill, when out shooting, and get a draught of good beer from the miller, or his pretty daughter. I was very fond of the girl, not with an evil fondness; for, as I have said, I was a boy then, and she was several years older than myself. But I thought her very beautiful and very good, blithe as a lark, and, to all appearance, innocent as an

early summer morning. I saw her but two days before she went away; I saw her, also, on the very day of her death, when she returned, pale, haggard, in rags that hardly hid the proofs of her shame, to seek some compassion from him who had ruined and deserted her; ay, and driven her mad. It was I, who went in and told him she was in the park; and I did so fiercely enough, perhaps. He called me an impertinent fool; but went out to speak to her, while I ran hastily to my own room to bring her what little store of money I had; for I doubted my brother. What passed between them I do not well know; but, when I came to where they stood in the park, under the lime trees, not far from the high bank over the river, my brother's face was flushed and his look menacing; he was speaking fiercely and vehemently; and in a moment the girl turned from him and ran away up the bank. I followed to console and give her assistance, never dreaming of what was about to happen; but when I came up, I found some labourers, who were at work there, running down the little path to the river side. One of them had his coat

and hat off, and, to my surprise, plunged into the water. But I need not tell you more of that part of the story; for you know it all already. I went back to the house, and straight to my father's room, and I told him all. There, perhaps, I was wrong; but indignation overpowered reflection, and I acted on the impulse of the moment. A terrible scene followed: my brother was sent for; my father reproached him bitterly for his ungenerous abandonment of the poor girl. He again turned his fury upon me, and struck me; and, boy as I was, I knocked him down at a blow before my father's face. Perhaps it is a just punishment for that violence, that to his generosity my fate in life was left. But yet it is very strange; for my father never forgave him; and me he was always fond of."

"Very strange, indeed," answered Lockwood. "But this brings us by a diagonal line to what I have got to tell you. Mr. Roberts has been over at the Abbey for these last two days, and is putting all things in order. A number of the tenants have been sent for, especially those who have not got leases, but

stand upon agreements; and he has given them to know, that he is likely to quit your brother's service at the end of three months."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Chandos. "I am sorry for that. But yet it does not much surprise me. He and William are not made to act together. What else has he done?"

"Why, he has behaved very well," answered Lockwood; "and I believe he is an honest man. He left the people to judge for themselves, whether they would demand leases upon their agreements, or not. But it has got abroad, that the Abbey is to be immediately pulled down, all the furniture sold, and perhaps the estates sold too. At all events, the park is to be divided into two farms; though Mr. Roberts laughed and said, he did not know who would take them, with my rights of free warren over both."

Chandos leaned his head upon his hand, and closed his eyes with a look of bitter mortification. "This is sad," he said, at length: "the fine old Abbey, which has been in our family for three centuries! Well, well! Every one has a bitter cup to

drink at some time; and this, I suppose, is the beginning of mine. Everything to be sold, did you say, Lockwood? The family pictures and all?"

"All of them," answered Lockwood; "everything but what is left to you: that is, the furniture of those two rooms and the books."

"I must have my mother's picture, let it cost what it will," said Chandos. "I will write to Roberts about it, if you will give him the note."

"Oh, there is time enough," rejoined his half-brother; "the sale won't take place for some weeks yet. In the mean time we must think of placing the books and book-cases, and all the rest of the things, in some secure place; and next time I come over, I will go and talk to Mr. Fleming about it. Here is the inventory I took of the things. Roberts went over it with me and signed it, as you see. He says, you may be rich enough after all; for, besides the books, which he estimates at seven thousand pounds, he declares that the marble things in the library are very valuable; and calls the

little pictures in the study, gems. I don't know what he means by that; for to me, they seem as exactly like places, and things, and people I have seen a hundred times, as possible. There's an old woman looking out of the window, with a bottle in her hand, that, if the dress were not different, I could swear, was a picture of my grandmother. However, he vows it is worth a mint of money, though it is not much bigger than a school-boy's slate."

"The Gerard Dow," said Chandos, smiling. "It is very valuable, I believe; but I am so covetous, that I do not think I can make up my mind to part with any of them. You must see to their being well packed up, Lockwood; for the least injury to such pictures is fatal. The books also must be taken great care of, especially those in the glazed book-cases."

"Ay; but have you got the keys?" asked Lockwood. "Mr. Roberts was asking for them, and says he does not know where they are."

"I have them not," answered Chandos; "I never had. My brother has them, most likely."

"No," answered Lockwood; "he gave all the keys belonging to the Abbey to Mr. Roberts; and these are not amongst them. But the locks can easily be picked. I have always remarked, when people die, or change their house, the keys go astray. But there's some one tapping at the door; and so I shall go."

"Stay, stay," cried Chandos; "I should like to write that note to Roberts at once: I would not have that picture of my mother go into other hands, for all I possess. Come in!" and as he spoke, the door of the room opened, and the head of the gipsey-woman, Sally Stanley, was thrust in.

"You are not afraid of a gipsey at this time of night, master gardener?" said the woman with a smile. "I want to see my boy, and give him a kiss; for we are off at day-break to-morrow."

Lockwood stared at her, with a sort of scared look, as if her race stood higher in his fears than estimation, and shook his head suspiciously; while Chandos replied: "No, no, Sally, I am not afraid. Go into that room; and the old woman will take you to

your boy. He is getting on very well, and knows his alphabet already."

The woman nodded her head, well pleased; and, with a glance from the face of Chandos to that of his guest, walked on towards the door of the kitchen.

"Now, Chandos," said Lockwood, "let me have the note."

The young gentleman raised his finger as a caution to his half-brother not to mention aloud the name which he no longer bore. But the warning was too late; the name was pronounced, and the gipsey-woman heard it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Time flew rapidly with both Chandos Winslow and Rose Tracy. They knew not what had thus now plumed the great decayer's pinions for him. Chandos thought that, in his own case, it was, that he had assumed one of those old primeval occupations which in patriarchal days made the minutes run so fast that men lived a thousand years as if they had been but seventy. There was nothing for him like the life of a gardener.

Rose was somewhat more puzzled to account for the cheerful passing of the minutes. When she had been a hundred times more gay, which was, upon a fair calculation, some six weeks before, she had often called the hours lazy-footed loiterers; but now they

sped on so fast—so fast—she hardly knew that the year was nearly at the end. She was now as much in the garden as her father, her sister, or her uncle. Whenever they were there, she was with them. When they talked to the head-gardener, she talked to him too; and sometimes a merry smile would come upon her warm little lips, of which her companions did not well see the cause. But Rose was seldom in the garden alone—never indeed but at the two stated times of the day when she went to feed her gold-fishes. That she could not help. It must be deeply impressed upon the reader's mind—ay, and reiterated, that from childhood this had been her task; and it was quite impossible that she could abandon it now—at least, so thought Rose.

Every morning, then, and every evening, she visited the little basin, and hung over her glossy favourites for several minutes. Well was she named—for she was like her name—and very seldom has the eye of man beheld anything more fair than Rose Tracy as she looked down upon the water under the shade of the marble dome above: the soft cheek

like the heart of a blush rose, the clustering hair falling like moss over her brow, the bending form, graceful as the stem of a flower.

I know not how fate, fortune, or design had arranged it; but so it was, that the hours when Chandos returned to his cottage, either in the morning to breakfast, or in the evening to rest, were always a few minutes after the periods when Rose visited the basin; and his way at either time was sure to lie near that spot. If Emily was with her, as sometimes happened, the head-gardener doffed his hat and passed on. If Rose was alone, Chandos Winslow paused for a time, resumed his station and himself, and enjoyed a few sweet moments of unreserved intercourse with the only person who knew him as he really was.

The strange situation in which they were placed, their former meeting in a brighter scene, the future prospects and intentions of one, at least, of the parties to those short conversations, furnished a thousand subjects apart from all the rest of the world's things, which had the effect that such mutual stores

of thought and feeling always have—they drew heart towards heart; and Chandos soon began to feel that there was something else on earth than he had calculated upon to struggle for against the world's frowns.

Yet love was never mentioned between them. They talked confidingly and happily; they did not know that they met purposely; there was a little timidity in both their bosoms, but it was timidity at their own feelings, not in the slightest degree at the fact of concealment. She called him Mr. Winslow, and he called her Miss Tracy, long after the names of Chandos and Rose came first to the lip.

The quiet course of growing affection, however, was not altogether untroubled—it never is. A gay party came down to Mr. Tracy's, to eat his dinners and to shoot his pheasants. There were battues in the morning, and music and dancing in the evening; and the wind wafted merry sounds to the cottage of the gardener. Chandos was not without discomfort; not that he longed to mix again in the scenes in which he had so often taken part, to laugh with the joyous,

to jest with the gay. But he longed to be by the side of Rose Tracy; and when he thought of her surrounded by the bright, the wealthy, and the great; when he remembered that she was beautiful, graceful, captivating, one of the co-heiresses of a man of great wealth; when he recollected that there was no tie between him and her, he began to fear that the bitterest drops of the bitter cup of fortune were yet to be drank.

He knew not all which that cup might still contain.

When they went not out early to shoot, the guests at Northferry House sometimes would roam through the grounds, occasionally with their inviter or his daughters, occasionally alone; and one day, when an expedition to a high moor in the neighbourhood, where there was excellent wild shooting, had been put off till the afternoon, a gay nobleman, who fluttered between Emily and Rose, perfectly confident of captivating either or both if he chose, exclaimed as they all left the breakfast table, "I shall go and talk to your gardener, Tracy. Such a fellow must be a curiosity, as much worth seeing as a bonassus.

—A gardener who talks Latin and quotes poetry! Upon my life you are a favoured man! Will you not go and introduce me, Miss Tracy, to this scientific son of Adam, whom your father has told me of."

"Excuse me, my lord," answered Emily, "your lordship will need no introduction. I have a letter to write for post."

"Will not the fair Rose take compassion on me, then?" asked Viscount Overton. "Who but the Rose should introduce one to the gardener?"

"Roses are not found on the stalk in the winter, my good lord," replied General Tracy for his niece, who, he saw, was somewhat annoyed. "But I will be your introducer, if needful, though, according to the phrase of old playwrights and novelists, a gentleman of *your figure* carries his own introduction with him."

"General, you are too good," replied the other, with an air of mingled self-satisfation and persiflage. "But really that was an excellent jest of yours—I must remember it—Roses are not found *on the stalk* in the winter! Capital! Do you make many jests?"

"When I have fair subjects," answered Walter Tracy, with perfect good humour. "But let us go, Viscount, if you are disposed. We shall find Mr. Acton in the garden at this time. It is a pity you are not an Irishman; for he is the best hand at managing a bull I ever saw."

As they went, the story of the adventure with Farmer Thorpe's wild beast was related, much to the delight of Lord Overton, who was a man of a good deal of courage and spirit, though overlaid with an affectation of effeminacy; and by the time it was done, they were by the side of Chandos. General Tracy informed the head-gardener who the noble lord was, and jestingly launched out into an encomium of his taste for and knowledge of gardening.

"I can assure you, Mr. Acton," said Lord Overton, in a tone of far too marked condescension, "that, though the General makes a jest of it, I am exceedingly fond of gardening, and both can and do take a spade or rake in hand as well as any man."

"I am glad to hear it, my lord," replied Chandos, who did not love either his look or

his manner; "our nobility must always be the better for some manly employments."

The Viscouut was a little piqued, for there certainly was somewhat of a sneer in the tone; and he replied, "But I hear that you, my good friend, occasionally vary your labours with more graceful occupations—studying Latin and Greek, and reading the poets, thinking, I suppose, 'Ingenuas didicisse fideliter, artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.' I dare say you know where the passage is."

"In the Eton Latin Grammar," answered Chandos, drily; and turning to one of the under-gardeners, he gave him some orders respecting the work he was about.

"He does not seem to have had his manners much softened," said Lord Overton in a low voice to Walter Tracy. But the General only replied by a joyous peal of laughter; and, though the peer would not suffer himself to be discomfited, and renewed the conversation with Chandos, he could win no sign of having converted him to a belief, that he was at all honoured by his condescension.

"He's a radical, I suppose," said Lord Overton, when they turned away. "All these self-taught fellows are radicals."

"No, there you are mistaken, my good lord," answered Walter Tracy; "he is a high tory. That is the only bad point about him."

"Ah, General! you always were a terrible whig," said the Viscount, with a shake of the head.

"And always shall be," replied his companion, with a low and somewhat cynical bow; "though the great abilities I see ranged on the other side may make me regret that I am too old and too stiff to change."

"Oh, one is never too old to mend," said Lord Overton; "and one never should be too stiff. That harsh, violent, obstinate adherence to party is the bane of our country."

"Surely your lordship has no occasion to complain of it in our days," observed the General. "If one read the speeches of the present men, delivered twenty, fifteen, ten years ago, and mustered them according to their opinions of that date, where should we find them? But I am no politician. It only

strikes me that the difference of the two great parties is this, if I may use some military phraseology: the whigs, pushing on, bayonet in hand, are a little in advance of their first position. Their opponents are scattered all over the field, some fighting, some flying, and more surrendering to the enemy. But, to return, this young man, as I have said, seems to me a very rabid tory—I beg your pardon —but a very honest fellow, notwithstanding."

"The two things are quite compatible, General," said the Viscount, stiffly.

"Oh, perfectly," replied Walter Tracy. "As long as tories remain tories they are very honest people; but when they have turned round two or three times, I do not know what they are."

Lord Overton did not like the conversation, and changed it; and the two gentlemen returned to the house. Not many days after he took his departure for London, not quite able to make up his mind whether Rose or Emily, or either, was qualified by wealth, beauty, and grace to become Viscountess Overton. After three days thought in London, he decided that neither was, upon the consi-

deration of the great moral objection that exists to men of rank marrying *Misses*, especially where that most horrible denomination is not corrected by the word honourable before it. If Emily had been even a maid of honour, so that her name might have appeared in the newspapers as the Honourable Miss Tracy, he might have consented; but as it was, he judged decidedly it would be a *mes-alliance*, although Mr. Tracy's direct ancestors stood upon the rolls of fame, when his own were herding cattle.

He saved himself a very great mortification; for, to be rejected when a man mistakenly thinks he is condescending, is the bitterest draught with which false pride can be medicined.

Both Emily and Rose Tracy were very glad when the peer was gone, for his fluttering from one to the other (though he annoyed Emily most) had much the same effect as having a bee or a large fly in the room; but there was another person in the neighbourhood who rejoiced still more, and that was Horace Fleming. He had dined twice at Mr. Tracy's while the party of visitors were there, and he

did not at all approve of Lord Overton's attentions to Emily. Chandos Winslow was not sorry, for although he had not such definite cause for uneasiness as Fleming, yet that little god of love, whom we hear so much of, and so seldom see, is not only a metaphysical god, but a very irritable god too. The sight of Rose Tracy had always been pleasant to him during the whole time he had been in Mr. Tracy's service. Her beautiful little ancle and tiny foot, as she walked along the paths, had to his fancy the power of calling up flowers as it passed. Her smile had seemed to him to give back summer to the wintry day; the light of her eyes to prolong the sunshine, and make the twilight bright. In the morning she was his Aurora, in the evening his Hesperus; and in a word, in the space of six weeks and a day, Chandos Winslow had fallen very much in love. But it must be remarked, that the odd day mentioned, was far detached from the six weeks, dating nearly one year before. It had been an epocha which he had always remembered however—one of the green spots in the past. A lovely and intelligent girl,

fresh, and unspoiled by the great corruptor of taste, feeling, and mind—fashionable society—had been cast upon his care and attention for several hours, in a crowd which prevented her from finding her own party at a fête. They had danced together more than was prudent and conventional, because they did not well know what else to do; and the little embarrassment of the moment had only excited for her an additional interest over and above that created by youth, beauty, grace, and innocence. At the end of the evening, she had passed from his sight like a shooting star, as he thought, for ever. But he remembered the bright meteor, and its rays sometimes even had visited him in sleep. Thus that day had as much to do with the love of the case as the far-detached six weeks; though they had served to ripen, and perfect, and mature a passion of which but one solitary seed had been sown before.

Four days after Lord Overton had departed, and three after the rest of the guests had taken flight, Chandos saw Rose through the trees come along towards the marble basin with a quicker step than usual.

The little velvet and chinchilla mantle was pressed tight over her full, fine bosom, to keep out the cold wind of the last day of the year; but there was an eager look in her bright eyes which made him think that her rapid pace had other motives than mere exercise; and he, too, hurried his steps, to reach the spot to which her steps tended, at the same time as herself. Just as they both approached it, however, one of the under-gardeners came up to ask a question of his superior officer. He got a quick but kindly answer; but then he asked another; and that was answered too. The devil was certainly in the man; for, having nothing more to say to Chandos, he turned to Rose, and inquired whether she would not like the screens put up to keep the pond from the cold wind; and by the time he had done, General Tracy appeared, and took possession of his niece's ear.

Rose went away with a slower step and less eager look than she came. But Chandos took care to be near the little basin at the time of sunset, marking out some alterations in the surrounding shrubs which he intended

to propose against the spring. When Rose appeared, Emily was with her; and Chandos was again disappointed. He showed the two fair girls, however, what he intended to suggest to their father; and, for one single moment, while Emily, taking the basket, scattered some crumbs to her sister's favourites, Rose followed the head-gardener to a spot which he thought might be well opened out, to give a view beyond; and then, she said, in a low, hurried tone, "I am going to do what perhaps is not right; but I must speak to you to-morrow morning, at all risks. I will be here half-an-hour earlier than usual;" and with limbs shaking as if she had committed theft, Rose left him, and hurried back to her sister, ere Emily well perceived that she had left her side

They were two sisters, however; loving like sisters, trusting like sisters, with barely a year between them; and though they knew that the one was younger, the other elder, they hardly felt it; for Lilly was gentle and unpresuming, though firm as she was mild. She took nought upon her; and though she acted as the mistress of her father's house,

yet Rose seemed to share her authority, and more than share her power. Emily pretended not to question or to rule her sister; and, had she been suspicious, she would have asked no questions: but she suspected nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

"FIE, for shame!" cries the old lady so exceedingly smartly dressed in the corner, whom one who did not see her face, or remark her figure, but who only looked at her gay clothing, would take to be twenty-three, though forty added to it would be within the mark—I mean the old lady with the nutmeg-grater face, so like the portrait of Hans Holbein's grand-aunt, which figures in many of his wood-cuts, but, especially in the accouchement of the Burgomaster's wife of Nuremburg. "Fie, for shame! What a very improper thing for a young lady, like Miss Rose Tracy, to make an appointment with her father's head-gardener. It is a breach of three of the Commandments!"

(Let the reader sort them.) "It is indecent, dangerous, abominable, terrible, disgraceful, contrary to all the rules and regulations of society! What a shocking girl she must be!"

I will not defend her; I know that all the old ladies, in whatever garments, whether bifurcate or circumambient, will reasonably cry out upon Rose Tracy; but let us for a moment hear what it was that induced her to perform that which the philosophers and critics of Lambeth, and especially those nearest to the door of the famous peripatetic school of the Bricklayers'-arms, would call "a very young trick."

"Well, Arthur, what news do you bring us from the other side of the hills?" asked General Tracy, when his brother appeared at the dinner-table, on the second day after the departure of his last guest.

"Why, that the Abbey estate is certainly to be sold," replied Mr. Tracy. "I met Sir William at the court-house; and he informed me that it was his intention to dispose of the property in lots. He was particularly civil, and said, whatever arrangement might be necessary, either for my conve-

nience or that of this part of the county, he would willingly make: so that the land required for the new road from H—— to Northferry, will not cost more than the mere worth of the ground at a valuation. I have seldom met with a more gentlemanly man, at least in manners."

"The heart may be a very different affair," said General Tracy.

"Of that we may discover something more in a few days," answered the other brother; "for I have asked him here to settle the whole of this affair with me, as the Germans say *unter vier augen;* and he comes here on Friday next, to spend a few days."

Emily made no remark. She would have been very well satisfied to be without the company of Sir William Winslow; for from all she had at different times heard of him, she had not conceived a high opinion of him. But she cared little about the matter. Rose, however, was alarmed and agitated on Chandos's account; and she conjured up all sorts of fears—lest she should not have an opportunity of giving him notice of his brother's coming—lest he

should not be able to avoid him—lest they should meet and quarrel, and a thousand other *lests*, with which it is unnecessary to embarrass the page.

Turn we rather to the early hour at which she hastened down to her little marble basin, where her gold-fish were certainly not expecting her at that precise moment. Some one else was, however; and in that expectation he had taken care that no such interruptions should occur as on the preceding day. Dear Emily's graceful limbs were still in soft repose too, or at least not clad in any presentable garments; and, therefore the two had all the world of the little glade to themselves.

Rose, however, trembled more with agitation than fear. There were doubts in her mind, doubts as to her conduct, doubts as to her feelings; and those doubts were continually asking, "What stirred the bosom of the Rose so powerfully?" a very unpleasant question, which she was not inclined to answer.

Chandos saw the agitation, and thought it very beautiful; for it made her eye sparkle, and the colour of her cheek vary, and gave a

quivering eagerness to the half-open lips. Admiration was the first feeling as he saw her come; but then some degree of anxiety to know the cause of her emotion succeeded, and he advanced a step or two to meet her.

"Oh, Mr. Winslow," said Rose, as she approached; "I fear you must think this very strange of me; but I made you a promise that if ever I saw any likelihood of your being discovered, I would give you immediate notice; and I must keep my promise before anything else."

"And does such a likelihood exist?" asked Chandos, in some alarm; "does any one suspect?"

"Oh no," replied Rose; "but your brother is down at Winslow Abbey, or in the neighbourhood; and my father has asked him here for a few days. He comes on Friday."

Chandos mused for a moment or two; and at length a faint and melancholy smile came upon his fine countenance. "I know not well what to do," he said at length, in a thoughtful tone, looking up in Rose's face as if for counsel.

"I thought it would embarrass you very much," she answered; "and I was most anxious to tell you yesterday; but some obstacle always presented itself, so that I was obliged to risk a step, which I am afraid will make you think me a strange, rash girl."

"A strange, rash girl!" said Chandos, gazing at her till her eyelids fell, and the colour came up in her cheek. "A kind, noble, generous one, rather; who will not let cold ceremonies stand in the way of a good action, or mere forms prevent the fulfilment of a promise." He took her hand and pressed his lips upon it; and then, looking into her eyes, he added abruptly—"O, Rose, I love you dearly—too dearly for my own peace, perhaps—and yet why should I fear? Rasher love than mine has been successful; and one gleam of hope, one word of encouragement will be enough to give me energy to sweep away all the difficulties, to overcome all the obstacles, which seem so formidable at a distance—nay, dear one, do not tremble and turn pale; surely you must have felt before now that I love you—you must have

seen even on that first day of our meeting, which we both remember so well, that I could love you, should love you, if we were to meet again."

"I must go," said Rose in a low voice; "indeed, I must go."

"Not yet," said Chandos, detaining her gently. "Sit down upon this bench and hear me but for a moment; for my whole future fate is in your hands, and by your words now will be decided whether by efforts, stimulated and ennobled by love, I raise myself high in the world's esteem, and recover that position in society of which I have been unjustly deprived; or whether I linger on through a despairing life without expectation or exertion, and leave my wayward fate to follow its own course, without an attempt to mend it."

"Oh do not do so, Chandos," replied Rose Tracy, raising her eyes for the first time to his. "Make those great and generous efforts; put forth all the powers of a fine, high mind; control by strong determination the adverse circumstances that seem to have set so strongly against you; and depend upon it you will be enabled to stem the torrent

which seems now so black and overwhelming."

"She spoke eagerly, enthusiastically; and her words were full of hope to Chandos Winslow's ear—of hope; because he felt that such interest could not be without its share of love; ay, and the very figure which in her eagerness she used, recalled to his mind the swimming of the stream near Winslow Abbey, which in its consequences had brought him even where he then was.

"I will stem the torrent, Rose," he answered, "I will swim the stream; but I must have hope to welcome me to the other bank. I came hither with a dream of other things; but you have given me new objects, new inducements. Take them not from me, Rose; for the light you have given, once extinguished, and all would be darkness indeed."

"What would you have me say?" answered Rose, holding out her hand to him frankly. "Were I to make any promises, were I to enter into any engagements without my father's consent, you yourself would disapprove, if you did not blame, and would not value a boon improperly granted, or would

always remember I had failed in one duty, and doubt whether I would perform others well. You must not, Chandos, no, you must not ask me to say or do anything that would lower me in your opinion;" and she added, in an under tone, "I value it too highly."

"Not for the world," cried Chandos eagerly; "for even to ask it would sink me in your esteem; but only tell me this, Rose, only give me this hope—say, if I return qualified in point of fortune and expectations, openly to ask your hand of your father, and gain his consent, may I then hope?"

The colour varied beautifully in her cheek, and this time she did not look up; but, with her eyes bent down on the pebbles at her feet, she said in a low, but distinct voice, "The objection shall not come from me—I must not say more, Chandos," she continued in a louder tone; "you must not ask me to say more. I know not on what your hopes and expectations of success are founded; but you shall have my best wishes and prayers."

"Thanks, thanks, dearest," answered Chandos, kissing her hand: "my hopes are not

altogether baseless of advancement in any course I choose to follow. I have had an education which fits me for almost any course; and although I know that, in this hard world, the possession of wealth is the first great means of winning wealth, that poverty is the greatest bar to advancement in a country which professes that the road to high station is open to every one, still I have quite enough to sustain myself against the first buffets of the world. A relation, thank God, left me independent. My father's will adds property, which, when sold, will amount to eight or ten thousand pounds more; and with the dear hopes that you have given me, I will instantly choose some course, which upon due consideration may seem to lead most rapidly to the end in view. I have relations, too, powerful and willing, I believe, to serve me; and with their aid and my own efforts I do not fear."

"But what will you do at present?" said Rose anxiously. "If your brother comes, of course he will recognise you. I have heard he is very violent in temper, and I fear—"

"Nay, have no fears," answered Chandos; "We must not meet at present. But I stipulated with your father for a month's leave of absence at this season of the year; and, although I have lingered on here, if the truth must be told, to sun myself in the light of those dear eyes from day to day, yet I almost resolved to spend one month, at least, of every year, resuming my right character, in London. I will now claim your father's promise, as little remains to be done here. Long ere I return, my brother will be gone; and by that time too I shall have fixed upon my future course of life, so as to communicate to you all my schemes for the future. I will speak to Mr. Tracy this very morning: and to-morrow, if he does not object, will take my departure. But before then I shall see you again: is it not so, Rose?"

"I dare say it will be so," she answered, with a faint smile; "there has been seldom a day when we have not met. I begin to judge very badly of myself; but I can assure you, I had no notion of what you were thinking of till—till within these last few

days, or I should have acted differently, perhaps."

"Oh, do not say so," replied her lover. Why would you make me believe you less kind, less gentle than you have shown yourself? Why say that if you had known how great was the happiness you gave, you would have deprived me of the brightest consolation I could have, under many sorrows and disappointments."

"If it consoled you I shall be more contented with myself," said Rose. "But now I must go, Chandos; for indeed if any one were to catch me sitting here talking to you, I should die of shame."

"All that could then be done," answered her lover, "would be to tell, that Thomas Acton is Chandos Winslow, and to say how he and Rose Tracy met one bright day many months ago, and how she passed hours leaning upon his arm amongst gay bright folks, who little suspected that he would one day turn out a gardener."

Rose laughed, and gave him her hand, only to be covered with parting kisses; and,

while she walked thoughtfully and with a much moved heart back to the house, Chandos paused for full a quarter-of-an-hour to gaze upon a bright and beautiful view, full of summer sunshine, and life and light, which had suddenly opened before him in the world of fancy. Oh what immense and uncountable wealth lies hid in the chambers of a castle in the air! In youth we are all chamelions, and our lands and tenements are as unsubstantial as our food.

When he had lived in cloudland for a while, Chandos went round the grounds, gave various orders, directions, and explanations; and then, following the path which Rose had pursued—he loved to put his feet on the same spots where hers had trod—he too went up to the house, and desired to speak with Mr. Tracy.

CHAPTER XV.

Amongst a crowd of persons who were waiting to get into the train, at the —— station of —— railway, was one exceedingly well dressed young man in deep mourning. He was tall, perhaps standing six feet in height, or a little more, exceedingly broad over the chest, with long and powerful arms, and a small waist. His features were fine, and the expression of his countenance though very grave, was engaging and noble. He had a first-class ticket, and got into a carriage in which were already three other passengers. One was a tall middle-aged man, with a dull-coloured handkerchief, high up, upon his chin; another, a young dandified looking person, not very gentlemanly

in appearance; and the third, was a short personage, with an air of great importance, a tin case, and a large roll of papers and parchments, tied up with a piece of green ribbon. His face was round, his figure was round, his legs were round, and his hands were round. In short, he would have looked like a congeries of dumplings, if it had not been for the colour of his countenance, which equalled that of an autumnal sun seen through a London fog. Round and rosy countenances are not generally the most expressive; and there was but one feature in that of this worthy personage, which redeemed it from flat insipidity. That was the eye; black, small, twinkling, ever in motion, it was one of the shrewdest, cunningest little eyes that ever rolled in a human head. There was not a vestige of eyebrow above it — nothing but a scalded red line. There was very little eyelash around it, but yet it is wonderful how it twinkled, without any accessories: a fixed star, shining by its own light; and yet the simile is not a good one, for it was anything but fixed, glancing

from person to person, and object to object as fast as it could go.

When the stranger entered the carriage, this round gentleman was holding forth to him in the dark handkerchief, upon some subject which seemed to be provocative of that very troublesome quality, called *eloquence;* but, nevertheless, without for one moment interrupting his declamation, he had in an instant investigated every point of his new fellow-traveller's exterior, while he was getting in, and had doubtless made his own comments thereon, with proper sagacity.

"It matters not one straw, my dear sir," said the round man, with infinite volubility, "whether it be the broad gauge or the narrow gauge, whether it be well-constructed or ill-constructed, whether well-worked or ill-worked, what are its facilities, whence it comes, whither it goes, or any other accidental circumstance whatever. It is a railroad, my dear sir—a railroad *in esse* or *in posse;* and a man of sense never considers a railroad, except under one point of view, videlicet, as a speculation. That is the only question for

any man—How is it as a speculation? Is it up or down? Has it had its *up?*—And here I must explain what I mean by having its *up*. Every railroad that can be conceived, will, and does rise in the market, to a certain height, at some time. Let me explain: By a certain height, I mean a height above its real value. Well, it is sure to reach that height at some time. All things are relative, of course. For instance, and by way of illustration: Suppose some ingenious surveyor, with the assistance of an engineer in some respute—say, Brunel, Cubit, Vignoles—and a railway solicitor, were to start the project of a railway to the Canary Islands. A number of stupid fellows would at once say, 'That is impossible!' and scrip would be very low. But then the projectors would wisely put a number of influential names in the direction. The least scrap of writing in the world, will suffice to justify you in putting a man's name in the direction; and if you cannot get that, you take it for granted that he will support so excellent a scheme, and put him on without. Well, *the rail to the Canary Islands* is before the public for

some time—scrip very low—perhaps no quotations—but two or three knowing ones are well aware that it will have *its up*, and they buy. It gets rumoured that Rothschild has bought, or Goldschmid has bought, or any other great name has bought; scrip begins to rise. The bill goes in to the Board of Trade—not the slightest chance of its being recommended—never mind! There's an immense deal of bustle, an immense deal of talk: one man says, it is folly; another, that it is a bubble—but then comes some one and says, 'Look at Rothschild, look at Goldschmid, look at the list of directors.' Scrip goes up! People begin to bet upon its passing the Board. Scrip goes up! The last minute before the decision arrives; and then, or at some period before or after, it may be said to have its *up*. Then all wise men sell, and scrip goes down. If it is a very bad job, it goes down, down, down, till the whole thing bursts. If, however, it is feasible, with good and sturdy men concerned, it will go on varying, sometimes high, sometimes low, for months or years. But I would never advise any one to have to do with such a line as that. The

very worst and most impracticable are always the best speculations."

"I do not understand that," said the man in the dull handkerchief. "I made ten thousand clear in one day by the Birmingham, which, after all, is the best line going."

"You might have made a hundred thousand if it had been the worst," answered the man of rounds. "You say you don't understand it. I will explain—I am always ready to explain. On uncertain lines, very uncertain indeed, there is always the most fluctuation. Now the business of a speculator is to take advantage of fluctuations. You will say it is not safe, perhaps; but that is a mistake. The speculation in the bad-line business can be reduced to a mathematical certainty, as I proved to the worthy gentleman with whom I have been a doing a little business this morning, Mr. Tracy, of Northferry. He preferred good lines, and thought them both safer and more right and proper, and all that sort of thing. So I only dealt with the safeness; for, after all, that is the question with a speculator; and I showed him that the very worst lines have their *up* at some time; it

may not be very great, but the difference between it and the down is greater always than in good lines. 'Suppose, my dear sir,' I said, 'that the fifty-pound share is at first at ninety per cent. discount; then is the time to buy. You never suppose that it will rise to par; but when the surveying is all done, the notices are served, the forms all complied with, and after a tremendous bustle—always make a tremendous bustle, it tells on the market—and, after a tremendous bustle, you have got your bill into the Board of Trade, the share is sure to go up till it sticks at seventy or seventy-five per cent. discount. Then sell as fast as possible, and you gain more than cent. per cent. upon your outlay.' There is no scheme so bad upon the face of the earth that it cannot be raised full ten per cent. with a little trouble. Let a man start a line to the moon, and if I do not bring it up ten per cent. from the first quotations, my name is not Scriptolemus Bond."

"You must have made a good thing of it, Mr. Bond, I suppose," said the man in the handkerchief.

"Pretty well, pretty well!" answered the

other with a shrewd wink of the eye; "not quite up to Hudson yet; but I shall soon be a head of him, for he does nothing but dabble with paltry good lines. I have enough in this box to make three men's fortunes;" and he rapped the tin case by his side.

How the real Charlatan does vary its operations in different ages! This same man, a century ago, would have been selling pills and powders at a fair. His attention, however was at this point called in another direction, by the tall, elegant stranger in mourning, who had lately come in, inquiring in a quiet tone, "Pray, sir, does Mr. Arthur Tracy speculate much in railroads?"

"No man more," answered Mr. Scriptolemus Bond. "Are you acquainted with him, sir?"

"I have seen and conversed with him several times," replied the other; "but we are no farther acquainted."

"Well, sir, Mr. Tracy is a lucky man," said Mr. Bond; "he has several hundred thousands of pounds in some of the most promising speculations going. Too much in the good lines, indeed, to get as much out of

it as possible; but he has this morning, at my suggestion, embarked in an excellent affair. "The diagonal North of England and John-o'-Groats-House Railway. The fifty-pound share is now at seventeen and sixpence, and I'll stake my reputation that in six weeks it will be up at five pounds; for a great number of capital people are only waiting to come in when they see it on the rise. Now the very fact of Mr. Tracy having taken five hundred shares will raise them ten or twelve shillings in the market; so that he might sell to-morrow, and be a gainer of fifty per cent. Oh, I never advise a bad speculation. I am always sure, quite sure. Would you like to embark a few hundred pounds in the same spec as your friend, sir? I have no doubt I could get you shares at the same rate, or within a fraction, if you decide at once. To-morrow they will probably be up to twenty or five-and-twenty. How many shall I say, sir?" and Mr. Scriptolemus took out his note-book.

"None, I thank you," answered Chandos Winslow; "I never speculate."

"Humph!" said the other; and turning to

the dandified young man in the corner, he applied to him with better success. The youth's ears had been open all the time, and the oratory displayed had produced the greater effect, because it was not addressed immediately to him.

No further conversation took place between Chandos Winslow and Mr. Scriptolemus Bond. The latter found that he was not of the stuff of which gentlemen of his cloth make conveniences, and, what is more, discovered it at once. Indeed, it is wonderful what tact a practised guller of the multitude displays in selecting the materials for his work.

At the London terminus, the young gentleman got into a cabriolet, and took his way to a small quiet hotel in Cork-street, and remained thinking during the evening a great deal more of Mr. Scriptolemus Bond and his sayings and doings, than of anything else on earth, except Rose Tracy. It was not that the prospect of making rapidly large sums of money by the speculations of the day had any great effect upon him, although it must be owned that such hopes would have been

very attractive in conjunction with that bright image of Rose Tracy, had it not been for certain prejudices of habit and education. But he had a higher flying ambition; he longed not only to win wealth for Rose Tracy's sake, but to win it with distinction, in the straightforward, open paths of personal exertion. He did not wish that his marriage with her should be brought about like the denouement of a third-rate French comedy, by a lucky hit upon the Bourse. It was the words which Mr. Bond had spoken regarding the large speculations of Mr. Tracy which surprised and somewhat alarmed him. He knew well that the railroad mania was the fever of the day, that it affected every rank and every profession, that neither sex and no age but infancy was free; but he was sorry to find that Rose's father was infested with the disease in so serious a form. What might be the consequences of a mistake in such a course, to her he loved best! How great was the probability of a mistake on the part of a man in Mr. Tracy's position! He was removed from all sources of immediate information; he had few means of as-

certaining the feasibility of the schemes in which he engaged; he had no means of ascertaining the characters of those with whom he was associated. Young as he was, Chandos saw dangers great and probable in such a course; and not knowing the almost omnipotent power of a popular passion over the minds of men, he could not conceive how a person of Mr. Tracy's sense, blessed with affluence, in need of nothing, with but two daughters to succeed to wealth already great, could yield himself to such infatuation.

The next morning passed in visits to several of his old friends and some of his mother's relations. His story, as far as regarded his father's will, was already known, and he was received everywhere with kindness—apparent, if not real; for it is a mistake to suppose that the world is so impolitic as to show its selfishness in a way to ensure contempt. One or two were really kind, entered warmly into his feelings and his wishes, and consulted as to how his interests were best to be served, his objects most readily to be gained. A cousin of his mo-

ther's, an old lady with a large fortune at her disposal, wrote at once to her nephew, one of the ministers, who had a good number of daughters, begging him to espouse the cause of Chandos Winslow, and obtain for him some employment in which his abilities would have room to display themselves. An answer, however, was not to be expected immediately; and Chandos went back to his solitary hotel with gratitude for the kindness he had met with, but nevertheless with spirits not raised.

Several days passed dully. The hopes of youth travel by railroad, but fulfilment goes still by the waggon. He found petty impediments at every step: people out whom he wanted to see; hours wasted by waiting in ante-rooms; ministers occupied all day long; friends who forgot what they had promised to remember, and were very much ashamed to no effect. To a man who seeks anything of his fellow-men, there is always a terrible consumption of time. Sometimes it is accidental on the part of those who inflict it — sometimes, alas! though by no means always — it is in a degree intentional,

for there is a pleasure in keeping application waiting. It prolongs our importance.

"My dear sir, I am very sorry to have detained you," said a high officer one day, running into the waiting room and shaking his hand; "but I have had pressing business all the morning, and now I must ask you to call on me to-morrow about two, for I am forced to run away upon a matter that cannot be delayed."

What had he been doing for the last hour? What was he going to do? He had been reading the newspaper. He was going to trifle with a pretty woman.

A fortnight passed, and on the second Saturday of his stay in London, Chandos, who loved music, went with a friend, a young guardsman, to the opera. During the first act, for they were both enthusiasts in their way, neither Chandos nor Captain Parker saw or heard anything but what was going on upon the stage—I call him Captain Parker by a licence common to those who write such books as this; for in reality his name was not Parker, though in other respects the tale is

true. At the end of the first act, as usually happens with young men, they began to look round the house from their station below in search of friendly or of pretty faces. "There is my aunt, Lady Mary," said Parker; "I must go up and speak with her for a minute. Will you come, Winslow? I will introduce you. My two young cousins are very handsome, people think."

"Not to-night," said Chandos; "I am out of spirits, Parker, and unfit for fair ladies' sweet companionship."

Parker accordingly went away alone, and spent some time in his aunt's box. Chandos looked up once, and saw bright eyes and a glass turned to where he sat in the pit. "Parker is telling my story," he thought; and an unpleasant feeling of being talked about made him turn away his eyes and look at some other people. A few minutes after, his friend rejoined him, and sat out the opera; then went to speak with some other party; and Chandos, who was in a mood to be bored by a ballet, and to detest even Cerito, walked slowly out. There were a good many people going forth, and a crush of carriages. Lady

Mary Parker's carriage was shouted forth. (There may be another Lady Mary Parker; I believe there is.) The lady advanced with her two daughters: the servant was at the carriage-door: a chariot dashed violently up, and, as her carriage had not drawn close to the curb, on account of another that was before, cut in, jamming the footman, and almost running down the old lady. Chandos started forward, caught the intruding horses' heads, and forced them back, the coachman, as such cattle will sometimes do, cutting at him with his whip. Of the latter circumstance Chandos took but little notice, the police interfering to make the coachman keep back when the mischief was done, according to the practice of the London police; but he instantly approached Lady Mary, expressing a hope in very courteous terms, that she was neither hurt, nor much alarmed.

"Oh, no! Mr. Winslow," said the lady, leaning on her eldest daughter; "but I fear my poor servant is. He was jammed between the carriages."

Ere Chandos could say anything in return, some one pushed roughly against him, ex-

claiming, "Get out of the way, fellow!" and the next moment Lord Overton was before him.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Chandos, turning upon him fiercely, and for an instant forgetting the presence of women.

"I mean that you are an impertinent, blackguard," replied Lord Overton. "I hope, Lady Mary, my fellow, did not frighten you. He is rather too quick."

"So quick, my lord, that he should be discharged very quickly," said Lady Mary Parker, taking Chandos's arm unoffered, and walking with him to the side of her carriage. The young ladies followed; a question was asked of the footman, who said he was a little hurt, but not much; and the door was shut.

Before the vehicle drove on, however, the ladies within had the satisfaction, if it was one, of seeing Chandos Winslow lead Lord Overton towards his carriage by the nose.

CHAPTER XVI.

Let us write an essay upon noses. Each organ of the human body, but more especially an organ of sensation, has a sort of existence apart—a separate sphere of being from the great commonwealth of which it is a member, just as every individual has his own peculiar ties and relationships distinct from the body of society, though affecting it sympathetically and remotely. Each organ has its affections and its pleasures; its misfortunes and its pains; its peculiarities, generic and individual; its own appropriate history, and its unchangeable destiny and fate. As the eye is supposed (wrongly) to be the most expressive of

organs, so is the nose of man the most impressible. Tender in its affections, enlarged in its sympathies, soft in its character, it is in this foul and corrupt world more frequently subject to unpleasant than to pleasant influences. During one season of the year alone does nature provide it with enjoyments; and during the long cold winter it is pinched and maltreated by meteoric vicissitudes. It is a summer-bird; a butterfly; a flower, blossoming on the waste of man's countenance, but inhaling (not exhaling) odours during the bright period when other flowers are in bloom. During the whole of the rest of the year its joys are factitious, and whether they proceed from Eau de Portugal, bouquet a la Reine, or Jean Marie Farina, it is but a sort of hothouse life the nose obtains, produced by stoves and pipes, till summer comes round again.

Like all the sensitive, the nose is perhaps the most unfortunate of human organs. Placed in an elevated situation, it is subject to all the rude buffets of the world; its tender organization is always subject to disgusts. Boreas assails it; Sol burns it; Bacchus inflames it. Put forward as a leader in the front

of the battle, men follow it blindly on a course which it is very often unwilling to pursue, and then blame it for every mischance. Whatever hard blows are given, it comes in for more than its share; and, after weeping tears of blood, has to atone for the faults of other members over which it has no control. The fists are continually getting it into scrapes; its bad neighbour, the tongue, brings down indignation upon it undeserved; the eyes play it false on a thousand occasions; and the whole body corporate is continually poking it into situations most repugnant to its better feelings. The poor, unfortunate nose! verily, it is a sadly misused organ. It matters not whether it be hooked or straight, long or short, turned-up or depressed, a bottle, a bandbox, a sausage, or the ace of clubs; Roman, Grecian, English, French, German, or Calmuc, the nose is ever to be pitied for its fate below.

I can hardly forgive Chandos Winslow for fingering so rudely the nasal organ of Viscount Overton. It was of considerable extent, and very tangible qualities: an inviting nose, it must be said, which offered

almost as many temptations to an insulted man as that of a certain gentleman in Strasburg to the trumpeter's wife. So much must be said in Chandos's favour; but yet it was cruel, harsh, almost cowardly. The poor nose could not defend itself; and yet he had the barbarity to pinch the helpless innocent between his iron finger and thumb for full three seconds and a half. Pain and amazement kept the owner of the nose from putting forth his own powers to avenge it for the same space; and indeed it would have been to little purpose had he attempted such a thing, for he was no more capable of defending his nose against Chandos Winslow, than the nose was of defending itself.

At length the grasp of his antagonist relaxed, and the peer exclaimed aloud, "Police! police! You scoundrel, I will give you in charge."

"That you can do if you please," answered Chandos, with a sneer; "but methinks your honour will somewhat suffer. There, sir, is my card, if you wish to know who it is has punished your impertinence."

The police were very busy at a little dis-

tance; and the noble lord, left to his own resources, exclaimed, "Your card, fellow! Do you suppose I do not know you—a low vagabond dressed up as a gentlemen!—Police! I say."

A crowd had gathered round, and two gentlemen in anticipation of the arrival of the police, were investigating the contents of the peer's pockets, when a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, one Sir Henry d'Estragon, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the service, well known about Wimbledon and Molesey, and who had even reminiscences of Primrose Hill when there was such a place unpolluted, pushed his way through, crying, "Why, Winslow, what is the matter? How do you do, my dear fellow! Here seems a row. What is going on?"

"Perhaps, d'Estragon, you can persuade this person, whose nose I have just had the pleasure of pulling," replied Charles Winslow, "that I am not a low vagabond dressed up like a gentlemen. He is not inclined to take my card, but calls for the police."

"Rather strange," said Sir Henry d'Es-

tragon. I thought it was Lord Overton: but I must be mistaken."

"No sir, you are not," replied the peer; "but I have every reason to believe this person to be an impostor."

"Pooh!" said the officer, turning away with a scoff. "Come, Winslow; if he chooses policemen for his friends on such occasions, we had better get away. Here they come."

"Stay a moment, sir," said Lord Overton; if you will be answerable that this person is—"

"Mr. Chandos Winslow, my lord," replied Sir Henry, "second son of my old friend Sir Harry Winslow, whom I had the honour of accompanying in 'twenty-seven, when he shot Michael Burnsley. I have nothing more to say, except that there is the gentleman's card. Any friend of yours will find me with him till twelve to-morrow. But if you prefer the police, you must send them after us. Good night, my lord."

Lord Overton took the tendered card; and Sir Henry, putting his arm through that of

Chandos, walked away up Charles-street, while the policemen came up and inquired what was the matter; but got no satisfactory answer.

The next morning Sir Henry d'Estragon sat at breakfast with Chandos Winslow in his hotel, making himself very comfortable with all the etcæteras of an English breakfast, when Lord George Lumley was announced; and, as Chandos knew no such person, the object of his visit was not difficult to divine. All formal courtesies were gone through in a very formal manner; and then, after a single instant's pause, and a look at a patent-leather boot, Lord George addressed himself to the business in hand.

"I have the honour, Mr. Winslow," he said, "of bearing you a message from my friend, Lord Overton. It would seem a very strange misconception took place last night, according to Lord Overton's account, from whom I required a full explanation of the whole circumstances, as I never undertake anything of this kind, without having made myself master of the facts."

Sir Henry d'Estragon showed some signs

of an impatience, which was not decreased when Lord George went on to say: "Lord Overton mistook you, it would appear, for a person in an inferior station, very like you; I myself see no reason why mutual apologies should not set the whole matter to rights; but—"

"We have no apologies to make, my dear lord," replied Sir Henry; "your friend called Mr. Winslow, an impertinent blackguard, in the presence of three ladies; adding, afterwards, some very insulting language. Under those circumstances, my friend pulled his nose—he always does; it is a habit he has—and there we rest satisfied: if Lord Overton is not satisfied, it is another thing."

"I will only add one word," said Chandos, "on my own part, and then leave you two gentlemen to settle the matter; as, when I have put myself in the hands of another, I have no farther right to interfere. What I have simply to say, is this; that the language and manner of Lord Overton towards me is not to be justified or excused by the plea that he mistook me for any one else,

for it was ungentlemanly and unjustifiable towards any man, who gave him no offence, let that man's situation be what it would. And now, gentlemen, I will leave you." And he walked into the neighbouring room.

In about five minutes after, Sir Henry d'Estragon came in to him and said, "Lord George requires, on the part of his friend, that you should say you are sorry for having pulled his nose. I have already given a general refusal; but Lord George is peace fully as well as valiantly disposed; and, therefore, wishes the proposal to be submitted to you, with a hint at the same time, that he does not know whether his principal will be contented with the terms; but that he shall withdraw from the business, if Lord Overton is not. What say you? Do not let me bias you."

"I shall certainly not say that I am sorry," replied Chandos; "for if I did, I should tell a lie. I think it was the only fitting punishment for Lord Overton's conduct, though perhaps, less than he merited."

"Bravo!" said Sir Henry; and returning again into the sitting room, he remained for

about ten minutes in consultation with Lord George Lumley, and then notified to Chandos, that all was arranged for a meeting on the day after the next.

At seven o'clock in the morning—it was just grey daylight—a post-chaise and a travelling-chariot were seen drawn up, near the mill, on Wimbledon Common. At the distance of about five hundred yards stood five persons, of whom Chandos Winslow and Viscount Overton were the principals. Chandos was cool and calm, though there was some little degree of hesitation in his own mind regarding his conduct. Lord Overton was considerably excited, and eyed his adversary with a steady look and a frowning brow. Lord George Lumley made one more effort to bring about a reconciliation; but the peer repelled even his own friend haughtily, saying aloud, so that no one could avoid hearing him: "I tell you, Lumley, the time is past. I would accept no apology now, if it were offered; and pray take care that there be no foolery; for it is my determination not to quit this spot, till one or the other of us cannot fire a shot."

Such a declaration was well calculated to remove any doubt from Chandos's mind. D'Estragon placed him very scientifically, spoke a word or two of caution and direction, and then retired with Lord George to give the signal. The distance was eight paces; the ground flat and unencumbered; both men very cool and steady; for Lord Overton had grown calm, as soon as he was in position; and the "one, two, three," were pronounced in a clear, loud voice. Both pistols were fired in an instant. Chandos Winslow's hat was knocked off his head, and fell a step or two behind; but he stood firm. On the contrary Lord Overton wavered on his feet, though no one saw where the ball had taken effect; and then dropped slowly down, with a motion as unlike a stage death as possible. The surgeon and the seconds all ran up; and Chandos Winslow, after pausing for a moment, followed more slowly. D'Estragon, however, met him, as he came near, saying: "Come along, come along! he has got sufficient." And, taking him by the arm, he hurried him towards the chaise, into which they both got.

"Cork-street," he said to Winslow's boy; and, putting his head out of the window, he called to the man with the other horses, "You had better get up there as near as you can to those gentlemen."

Chandos leaned back in his carriage with very painful sensations at his heart: he felt what it is for two men to meet full of life and energy, and but one to go away again. At that moment he would have given almost all he possessed on earth, that he had not fired.

"Is he dead?" he inquired at length.

"No, he was not when we came away," said d'Estragon, gravely, "but hurt quite badly enough for you to be off, my dear fellow, and me too. Just drop me at my house as we go by; and then get this fellow to take you another stage out of town. It will be better for us to go separately; for I have known awkward consequences from two men travelling together under such circumstances."

The arrangement he proposed was followed, as far at least as dropping him at his own house was concerned; but Chandos then returned to the hotel, and remained for nearly half-an-hour in sad thought. He had scarcely

the heart to fly; but after a while, recalling the unpleasant image of long imprisonment before trial, he made up his mind to his course, and quitted London by one of the few stage coaches remaining. About ten days were spent in retirement at one of the small villages which are found scattered over the country within about twenty miles of London, and then he made his way back towards Winslow Abbey. He had heard no news of his antagonist's fate after he had left him with his friend and the surgeon on Wimbledon Common. In a country paper, indeed, he had seen, copied from a London paper, an account of the duel, in which the facts were of course misstated, without being altogether false. If newspapers would content themselves with telling the plain truth or the plain lie about anything, they would be beneficial or harmless; but it is the mixture of both which often renders them dangerous and detrimental, ay, sometimes even after nineteen years. From the journal which fell into his hands, all he gathered was that Lord Overton had been carried to his own house, supposed to be in a dying state, while the

peer's conduct towards himself was grossly exaggerated by a democratic paper, for the purpose of crying down the aristocracy. He was grieved, anxious, remorseful; for he could not exculpate himself from all blame. He knew that Lord Overton had just cause to think that he was assuming a character which did not belong to him; and all the motives which had actuated before and during the duel seemed to vanish into thin air when he came, calmly and without passion to examine his own conduct. In vain he asked himself if he could stand and be insulted without resentment in the presence of persons nearly strangers to him. In vain he thought that no law required him to remain passive and be shot at by a man who declared his determination of not quitting the ground till one fell. In vain he argued, that having put his honour into the hands of a friend, he was bound to abide by whatever determination that friend came to. He felt that he might have done better, and that by not doing so he had endangered, if not taken, the life of a fellow-creature.

It was with a heavy heart then that, after

having quitted the railroad and the cross coach, and left his baggage to be sent to the little public house at Northferry, he walked on in the garments of an inferior station, which he had resumed, towards the ancient seat of his family, wishing to see his half-brother, Lockwood, and obtain further information upon many points before he proceeded to Mr. Tracy's.

The sun had set before he reached the park; and walking slowly along under a row of broad chestnuts which bordered the paling on the east, he approached Lockwood's house, thoughtful, and perhaps more sad than when he had first visited it. But the house was all dark, and he rapped and tried the door in vain. Then thinking that perhaps the person he sought had gone up to the Abbey, he crossed the wide savannahs and groves of tall trees, and came upon the house towards the eastern angle. There were lights in several of the rooms, and a suspicion that his brother might be at the house crossed his mind. How to ascertain the fact without discovering himself, became the next question; but the night was very dark, the tall windows

came down to within three feet of the ground of the terrace; the wind was high and noisy, so as to cover the sound of his footfalls, and in most of the rooms the curtains seemed not to have been drawn. He would look in, he thought, and see who were the tenants.

The rooms nearest to him he knew were those inhabited by the keeper, Garbett, and his wife; and passing on along the principal front, he paused at what had been called in his boyish days the little drawing-room. There were candles on the table, and two men within, one holding a light in his hand, the other mounted on a ladder, pasting printed numbers upon the old family pictures, previous to a sale. The next room, the great drawing-room, was dark; but the music-room beyond displayed to his eyes a tall, dry-looking person, in a frock coat and a yellow waistcoat, probably an auctioneer, striking the keys of an old piano which had stood there since his mother's days. Then came the boudoir, without lights, and a little anteroom, also in darkness. Beyond was the small study, the furniture of which had been bequeathed to himself, and in it was a faint light,

which, when he looked through the windows, he perceived was afforded by the open door of the library adjoining. Going on a few steps, he paused and gazed, not doubting that if Lockwood was at the Abbey he would be there; but no such figure presented itself.

At the large table sat Mr. Faber, the late Sir Harry Winslow's secretary, and probably his son, with writing materials before him; and—opposite one of the large gothic book-cases, with a candle on a small table at his side—was Roberts, the steward. He was busily engaged with a set of strange-looking iron instruments on a ring, in what seemed to be picking the lock of one of the drawers, a range of which ran between the book-shelves above, and a row of cupboards below. The next instant, while Chandos was still gazing, the drawer was pulled out, and Roberts took forth a whole handful of papers. He threw one after the other down into a basket at his side with very little consideration, till suddenly he paused, looked earnestly at one of the few which remained in his hand, and then seemed moved by stronger emotions than Chandos had ever before observed in

his calm and little perturbable countenance. The moment after he said something to Mr. Faber, and then Chandos heard him distinctly say, "Call him, call him."

The young secretary rose from the table, paused to look earnestly at the paper in the steward's hands, and then left the room. Roberts sat down and wrote, looking from time to time at the paper as if he were copying something inscribed upon it; and at the end of perhaps two minutes, Mr. Faber returned. As he entered the room his eyes turned towards the window where Chandos stood, and he suddenly lifted his hand and pointed. It was evident that he saw somebody looking in; but Chandos was sure that in the darkness, and at the distance at which he stood, his features could not be distinguished. He was agitated, and his thoughts troubled with all he had seen. He felt convinced that his brother was in the house, and had been sent for by Roberts. He feared an encounter with Sir William at that moment and in that garb. He feared himself and his own vehemence—it was a lesson he had lately learned; and hurrying away, he plunged

into the woods, crossed the park again, and sought a village about two miles distant, where a little inn was to be found.

Entering with as composed an air as possible, Chandos Winslow asked for a room and some tea; and having been accommodated at once, for persons dressed like himself were frequent and honoured guests, he sat down to think.

What was the meaning, he asked himself, of the scene he had just beheld at the Abbey? It was evident that the drawers of the bookcases which had been left to him with all their contents of every kind, had been opened without his consent or knowledge. All that those two rooms contained, of every kind and description whatsoever, had been left to him by his father's will. The papers which he had seen taken out might be of infinite importance to him. Who could tell what might be done with them? Roberts he believed to be perfectly honest. Faber, though very weak, was kind and gentle; but his brother he felt he could not depend upon. His notions of right and wrong were anything but strict; and his ideas of his own

privileges and rights distorted by that species of haughty selfishness, which makes despots of crowned monarchs and tyrants and unjust men in every walk of life, might induce him to read the legacy to his brother in a very different sense from the plain one, and lead him to take possession of the papers which had been found by his steward and his secretary.

Chandos thought long—sadly—seriously. There are despairing moments, when all earthly things seem nothing. When the objects of hope and desire appear valueless —when we feel tired out with the struggle against fate, and are inclined to give it up and let all things take their chance. Those are dangerous moments. Let every man beware of them. They are the first symptoms of the worst kind of mental malady—apathy; and without prompt and speedy remedies, the disease will get such a hold that it will be with difficulty cast off. Chandos felt it creeping upon him, as he had once felt it before. It seemed as if his destiny was to misfortune; as if nothing could go right with him; as if every effort, every hope

failed. What was the use of prolonging the strife? What mattered it how the papers, the furniture, the books, the busts, the pictures, were disposed of? Why should he play out a losing game? Were it not better to spread out his cards upon the board, and let his adversary make the most of them?

But, happily, like a ray of light breaking through the storm clouds—like the first smile of summer after winter—like an angel sent to comfort, the image of Rose Tracy rose up before his memory. For her was the struggle. She was the spirit of hope to him; and the strife against fortune was renewed. Every possession—every chance became an object worth preserving, as Rose Tracy presented herself to thought, and for her he resolved to neglect no effort which he had power to make. The first thing he decided upon was to let Roberts, at least, know that he was aware of what had taken place; and, calling for pen and ink and paper, he wrote him a short formal note, to the following effect:—

Sir,

I am much surprised to find that the drawers of the bookcases left to me by my father's will, together with everything that the library and adjoining study contain, of every kind whatsoever, have been opened with pick-locks, without my consent. I write this merely to remind you that you are accountable to me, and only to me, for everything that you may have found in those drawers, and to insist that the papers of which you have taken possession, be given into the hands of no one but

Your obedient servant,

Chandos Winslow.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE is no sorrow like self-reproach. Chandos Winslow was by no means a perfect character: he inherited much of his father's vehemence of nature, though far less than his brother; but at the same time, whether it be a natural or an acquired quality, (I think, the former,) he had great conscientiousness. Now, great conscientiousness cannot exist in the same breast with much vanity. They are incompatible ingredients: the vain man thinks all he does is right; the conscientious man is always trying if it be so, and censuring himself more than he would others when he finds he has acted wrong. Chandos felt that he had done so in the case of Lord Overton. How much soever worldly

usages might justify him, he would not exculpate himself. And the burden was heavy: he groaned under it.

When he had written the note to Mr. Roberts, and obtained some tea, he sat meditating sadly on his fate, till at length he thought, "It would be better to give myself up! It is a duty—it may be some atonement. I will see Mr. Tracy first; and Rose. Dear girl, I fear she has suffered on my account."

His thoughts still remained sad; but they were calmer after he had taken this resolution. And ringing the bell, he asked if there was a newspaper in the house to amuse the time. The landlady, who appeared herself, said there was no "fresh ones," as she termed them; for Mr. Tims, the sexton, always had them first, and he kept them full three days; which was a shame. She had all last week's Times, however, she added, if the gentleman would like to see them.

"Better that than none," Chandos thought; and accepted the offer. In a few minutes, the huge pile which a week's accumulation of the Times newspaper is sure to form in

the month of January, when parliament meets early, was placed before him, and he opened the one at the top. It was six days old; but the young gentleman's eye rested first upon one of those eloquent and masterly leading articles, where all the powers of language and the acuteness of human reason, sharpened by art and use, are employed to give a peculiar view of some passing subject, in what may well be called an essay, which, if mental labour and literary merit ever obtained reward in England, would raise the writer far above the great body of those who are honoured by the crown and paid by the nation. The vigour, the subtilty, the eloquence, ay, and the wisdom of many passages captivated the mind of Chandos Winslow; but they brought a sad moral with them. He had dreamed of employing his own talents in the world of letters, of seeking fame and recompense by mental exertion. But he now asked himself—"Who is it wrote this splendid essay? What has been his reward in life? Who will ever hear of him? What will be his future fate? A man who can shake public opinion to its foundation, who

can rule and command the minds of millions by the sceptre of genius, will live unhonoured but by a few, unrewarded except by the comparatively small remuneration, which even such a journal as this can afford, and die forgotten. Print calico, Chandos Winslow, twist cotton, paint portraits, feel pulses, plead causes bad and good, cut throats, do any thing but follow a course which in England is luxurious to the rich and great, thorny and stony to all else. We are a great commercial people! we are a nation of shopkeepers; and even in the distribution of honours and rewards, those who have them to dispose of expect their material pennyworth in return. Mind is nothing in Great Britain, except as it is employed upon matter."

While indulging in such reveries Chandos had laid the paper down; but when they were over, he took it up again; and his eyes fell upon several other paragraphs, one after the other, till they rested upon a brief passage, copied from another journal, and headed "THE LATE DUEL."

"We are happy to be able to state," it

went on to say, "that Lord Overton, the sufferer in the late duel with Mr. Chandos Winslow, is proceeding rapidly towards convalescence.—Very little fever followed the extraction of the ball, and that which did supervene has quite subsided. The answer to inquiries yesterday at his lordship's house was, that he had been permitted to sit up for several hours. Under these favourable circumstances, Sir Henry d'Estragon and Mr. Winslow have returned to town, but have not yet shown themselves in public."

Chandos would have felt more satisfaction if there had not been one lie at least in the paragraph; but still he judged that the writer was more likely to learn Lord Overton's real state than his own movements; and he sought eagerly through the later papers for further information. He found at length a paragraph which stated that "Viscount Overton, who was wounded in the late duel at Wimbledon, is now quite convalescent, and drove out yesterday for two hours in the park."

Chandos felt as if some angel's hand had effaced the brand of Cain from his brow:

his resolution of giving himself up was of course at an end, it being, like all resolutions in regard to definite acts, the mere plaything of circumstances; but he set to work to form other resolutions, which men may frame with better hopes of their durability, if their own minds be strong. They affected the regulation of his own passions, the course of his own conduct, the control of his own spirit. They were good; and they were lasting.

It is excellent for man to stand as on a mountain in the outset of life, and gaze over the many ways before him; to choose deliberately and with cool judgment, that upon which he will bend his steps, and to pursue it to the end. Verily, he shall not want success.

Chandos Winslow did so; and he rose tranquillized. Warm and eager by nature, he had learned from his mother to control himself to a certain point; but that control was merely according to or within the limits of worldly conventionalities. He had now found that there were wider obligations; that to rule his own passions, to check his

own vehemence, to submit all his first impulses to a rigid law, totally independent of the factitious regulations of society, was a duty which, performed, must lead to peace of mind; and he resolved to strive so to do against original disposition, and against what is even more strong—habit.

On the subsequent morning he set out early for Northferry, not choosing to revisit Winslow park again, lest he should encounter one "a little more than kin and less than kind."

END OF VOL. I.

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